

DICK COLE

June

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT



OLD CAP HAWKINS TELLS HOW THE 115TH INFANTRY

WAR HEROES

WON THEIR MOTTO: "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

PLUS

BLUE BOLT
and SUB-ZERO
EDISON BELL

HICKIEFER



VOL. 3 NO. 1



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MORE DOPE ON YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS

John Daly, the artist who draws "Sub-Zero" is one of the most genial fellows we know . . . nothing at all like an icicle which his characters might suggest! John comes from the East and studied art in Philadelphia where his father held an important position with one of that city's leading newspapers.



JOHN DALY

For a short spell, John Daly was a private in the U. S. Marines. (Told us the other day, he wished he were young enough to be called to service with that famous Corps once again!) He's married, and has twin boys, who are always leaning over his shoulder to see what he is creating in cartoon art. John uses them as a sort of testing ground to see what they think of his work. He gets ideas from them, too. His boys go to school in Manhattan, where the Dalys now live.

John's hobby is—Indians! He is one of the few artists who has studied Indian dress so that he can tell to what tribe they belong. He knows exactly what "war paint"

to put on their faces so that the designs will be true to life as Indian warriors wore them into battle. He also loves horses—especially Indian ponies.

Speaking of Indians, we must tell you about another BLUE BOLT artist who is thoroughly "at home" among them—in fact, he has several pure-blooded Indian pals. That's Jack A. Warren, who draws "Krisko and Jasper"—the funny characters who are always in trouble.

Jack was born in the plains and brought up on the range. Sh-h! Jack Warren was a cowboy at one time and even studied on a reservation in the Southwest where his playmates and schoolmates were young Indians of his own age.

Jack Warren's hobbies are—cowboys and Indians! But he also has a number of other hobbies that could make him as famous as Dan Beard. Jack was the scoutmaster of a troop that did the following things: made its own true Indian costumes with headdress, war weapons, and all; learned how to ride horses, how to make and shoot real Indian bows and arrows, how to read Indian language, and how to make tepees. One summer, Jack took his troop into upstate New York's wild country, and the whole group of them lived exactly as pioneers of old must have lived—they cleared the land, built small log houses, cooked, hunted, rode, and had a general merry-good time!

Jack Warren is a former newspaper cartoonist, studied art in Indianapolis, has worked on a number of famous newspapers, and for syndicates too. He now lives on a cozy little farm in the famous Catskill section of Washington Irving fame!



JACK WARREN

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!



AS YOU KNOW, THE CADET ELECTED IS REGARDED AS THE MOST OUTSTANDING MAN OF THE YEAR! HE WILL APPOINT HIS COMMITTEE, CHOOSE A SUITABLE PLACE FOR THE FIRE, START IT WITH OUR "BURNING BRAND OF VICTORY," AND LEAD THE SINGING OF OUR ALMA MATER SONG, "WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR!"

IT IS JUNE, AND THE CADETS OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY LOOK FORWARD WITH HIGH SPIRITS TOWARD THE ANNUAL "VICTORY FIRE," A "CHAIRMAN" IS TO BE ELECTED AND DICK COLE'S CLASS IS EAGERLY AWAITING THE RESULTS OF THE VOTING.



AND NOW... THE WINNER, AND CHAIRMAN FOR THE YEAR, IS ... **DICK COLE!**
CADET RIMER, SECOND...
CADET EDDIE, THIRD...
CADET SIMBA, FOURTH...



YOU HAVE BEEN HIGHLY HONORED BY THE ENTIRE CADET CORPS, DICK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

NICE GOIN', BOY!
WAHOO!



DICK BRINGS THE RANKS TO ATTENTION AND APPOINTS HIS COMMITTEE.

BECAUSE THEY DESERVE THE HONOR
AS MUCH AS I -- I APPOINT CADETS
RIMER, EDDIE, AND SIMBA TO THE
VICTORY COMMITTEE!



BUT JACK RIMER, SECOND IN
VOTING, SMARTS WITH JEALOUSY
OVER AN HONOR HE BELIEVES
SHOULD BE HIS . . .

THAT **DICK
COLE'S**
ALWAYS
GETTING
THE
GLORY!



... LATER, IN THE AFTERNOON, THE COMMITTEE SETS OUT
TO LOOK FOR A CAMP FIRE SPOT ...

THEY SAY FARMER
BROWN HAS A
SWELL SPOT!

YEAH, AND
IT'S NOT TOO
FAR FROM THE
ACADEMY!

♪ RAY, DICK! RAY,
VICTORY FIRE!
WE'LL ALWAYS
BE NEAR TO FARR!

AW, WHY DON'T
WE FIND A
PLACE ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
TOWN?



IT'S AWFULLY NICE
OF YOU TO LET US
USE YOUR PLACE FOR
OUR VICTORY FIRE,
MR. BROWN!

WAL, JUST
PROMISE YE
DON'T HIT NO
SOUR NOTES
WHEN YE SING!
HAH!



DICK SENDS EDDIE AND RIMER TO GATHER FIREWOOD
WHILE HE AND SIMBA PICK UP ROCKS FOR THE FIREPLACE--
-- SUDDENLY --

WOW! THESE
THINGS ARE
HEAVY!

LOOK, SIMBA!
A
PARACHUTE!



MAYBE WE DUGHT
TO SHOW IT TO
FARMER BROWN,
SIMBA!



IT WUZ PROBBY DROPPED BY ONE OF MR. KRUBB'S FRIENDS. I RENTED THAT OL' SHACK O' MINE TO 'IM A COUPLA WEEKS AGO.

WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD A MAN WANT SUCH A LONELY SHACK FOR?

IS THIS FELLOW KRUBB A HERMIT OR WHAT?



NAW... HE'S A KINDA INVENTOR FER THE GOVINMINT! HE'S GOT TWO OTHER FELLERS TO HELP 'IM, TOO ... STRICTLEE PRIVATE ... SEE?



THEY'RE QUIET-LIKE AND PAY GOOD, THE ONLY TIME I SEE 'EM COME OUTTA THE SHACK IS WHEN AN AIRPLANE COMES AN' DROPS DOWN FOOD AN' MAIL WITH THESE PARYSHOOTS!



AFTER LEAVING FARMER BROWN, DICK THINKS TO HIMSELF

FUNNY THAT THIS MR. KRUBB NEEDS AN AIRPLANE TO DROP FOOD, WHEN TOWN'S LESS THAN A MILE FROM HERE!



AS DICK AND SIMBA GO ABOUT FIXING UP THE FIREPLACE.....

LOOK, DICK ... A PLANE! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

WOW! A DIVE BOMBER -- THAT MUST BE THE ONE FARMER BROWN WAS TALKING ABOUT!



THE PLANE FISH-TAILS IN TO BRAKE ITS SPEED ...

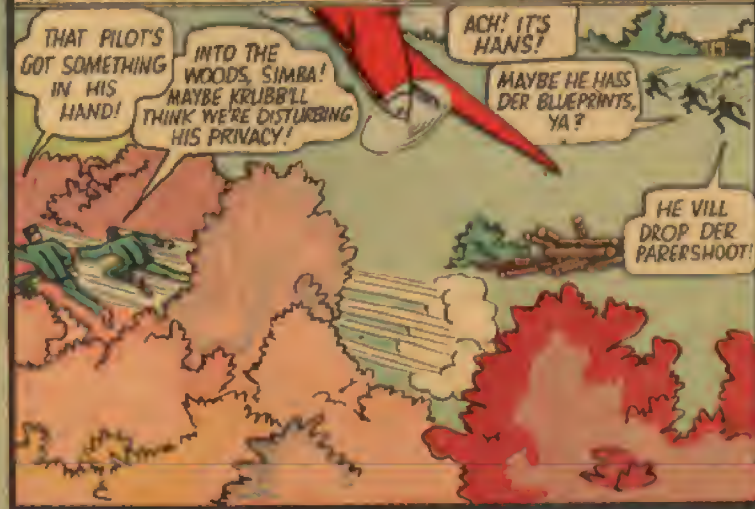
THAT PILOT'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS HAND!

INTO THE WOODS, SIMBA! MAYBE KRUBB'LL THINK WE'RE DISTURBING HIS PRIVACY!

ACH! IT'S HANS!

MAYBE HE HASS DER BLUEPRINTS, YA?

HE VILL DROP DER PARASHOOT!



AND THE PILOT DROPS A PARACHUTE WITH AN ENVELOPE ATTACHED.

YA! TONIGHT VILL BE DER LAST TRIP!



KRUBB TAKES A LETTER OUT OF THE ENVELOPE ATTACHED TO THE PARACHUTE



HEAR ANYTHING, DICK?

NO! LOOK! HE DROPPED THE ENVELOPE!

VAT DOES HE SAY, KRUBB?

ID ISS NOT BLUEPRINTS, NO?

COME BACK AND DROP DER BLUEPRINTS IN ABOUT TWO HOURS, JA!

KRUBB AND HIS MEN WALK BACK TO THE SHACK.



VE CAN'T ZEND DER MESSAGE UNTIL VE GEDT DER BLUE PRINTS!

HE WILL BRINK DEM ZOON!

DER FUEHRER WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICAN DIVE BOMBER JA!

AFTER THE MEN LEAVE, DICK AND SIMBA RUSH OVER AND PICK UP THE DROPPED ENVELOPE...



"GLEEM AIRCRAFT!" WHY, THAT COMPANY'S RIGHT NEAR HERE!

YEAH--AND THEY'VE GOT A COUPLE OF MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DEFENSE ORDERS! SOMETHIN'S FISHY, DICK!

DICK CAREFULLY FOLDS THE ENVELOPE AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET...



MAYBE KRUBB'S FINGERPRINTS WILL COME IN HANDY, SIMBA!

CAN'T TELL DICK! EDDIE AND RIMER WON'T BE BACK FOR A WHILE. WHAT SAY WE TAKE A LOOK AT KRUBB'S SHACK?

OUTSIDE KRUBB'S SHACK...



CRIMINELETIES! THEY'VE GOT A PIP OF A SHORT-WAVE-SET!

WOW! THEY CAN SEND MESSAGES TO EUROPE WITH AN OUTFIT LIKE THAT! MIGHTY PECULIAR DICK!

INSIDE THE SHACK...



DER GESTAPO MAN IN BERLIN IS MAD, HERR KRUBB!

...SAYS VE MUST NOT LEAVE ONDIL VE HAFF DER DIVE-BOMBER BLUE BRINTS!

VELL, HANS VILL BRINK DEM IN DER BLANE ZOON...DELL HIM! VE HAFF BEEN IN DIS BLACE TOO LONG ALREADY!

SIMBA TRIPS OVER A TREE ROOT, AND THE SOUND OF HIS FALL ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE MEN IN THE SHACK...



QUICK! KRUBB! TWO MEN IN UNIFORM ARE SPYING ON US!

VE MUST CATCH DEM BEYORE HANS COMES BEK IN DER PLANE!

DON'T LET DEM GED AWAY. MAYRE DEY FOUND OUT SOMEDING!



MEANWHILE --- EDDIE AND THE ENVIOUS RIMER RETURN TO THE FIREPLACE WITH THEIR LOAD OF WOOD AND TWIGS.



JEALOUS HATE MOUNTS IN RIMER AND, WHEN EDDIE'S BACK IS TURNED...



THE FRANTIC SPIES SEE A UNIFORMED EDDIE AND RIMER--AND MISTAKE THEM FOR DICK AND SIMBA! THE BOYS ARE OFF GUARD ---



BACK TO DICK AND SIMBA DICK, SUSPICIOUS OF KRUBB'S ACTIVITIES, SENDS SIMBA TO MAJOR FARR WITH THE "GLEEM AIRCRAFT." ENVELOPE FOR FINGERPRINT CHECKING WITH THE F.B.I.

DICK CLIMBS INTO A TREE OVERLOOKING THE SHACK...

JUMPIN CATFISH!

THEY'VE GOT EDDIE AND RIMER!

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THEM UNTIL YOU COME BACK. THAT PLANE WILL BE HERE SOON.

GEE, I HATE TO LEAVE YOU HERE ALONE, DICK!

INSIDE THE SHACK...

THAT VASS GOOT VORK, BOYS! HANS SHOULD ZOOM BE BACK MIT DER BLUE PRINTS!

YOU'LL HAVV TO KILL DER TWO NOSYBODIES... DEY KNOW TOO MUCH! JA! KRUBB?

DEN VE'LL NOTIFY BERLIN ABOUT DER NEW AMERICAN DIFE BOMBERS!

WE VILL KILL YOU FOR SPYINK ON US! SCHWEINHUND!

B-BUT WE DIDN D-D-DO ANY--TH--THING! --M-M-MISTER!

BUT -- SIMBA HAS ARRIVED AT MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE AND COMPLETED HIS STORY...

THERE ARE FINGERPRINTS, ALL RIGHT, AND CADET COLE DOESN'T USUALLY MAKE MISTAKES, BUT, IN TIMES LIKE THESE, WE MUST BE CAREFUL, CADET SIMBA!

DICK AND I UNDERSTAND, SIR!

THESE PRINTS ARE THE LAST, SIR!

MAJOR FARR PHONES THE F.B.I. ...

YES--K-R-U-B-B... FARMER BROWN'S SHACK OVERLOOKING THE LAKE--YES SHORT WAVE RADIO!

SEND US A RADIO PHOTO OF THE FINGERPRINTS IMMEDIATELY! THANK YOU, MAJOR!

SIMBA RUSHES BACK TO DICK ...



GOSH! - I HOPE
DICK IS ALL RIGHT!

IN THE SHACK - WHILE DICK PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW...



HERR KRUBB! ID'S
DER BLANE MIT HANS.
I HEAR ID!

NUMBSKULLS!
BUSYBODIES!
KRUBB VILL
TEACH YOU!

JA! YE MUST
HAFF DER
BLUEPRINTS!

POOR EDDY
AND RIMER!
I HEAR A
PLANE!

DICK RUNS TOWARD THE FIREPLACE ...



IF HE HAS THE BLUEPRINTS, HE'LL
DROP THE CHUTE NEAR THE CLEARING
AS HE DID THE LAST TIME!



DESE AMERICAN
BLANES ARE
VONDERFUL, KRUBB.

LOOG, KRUBB!
DERE ISS ANUDDER
VON OF DER CADETS!
HE
ISS VATCHINK!

JAI JAI HE ISS
GOING TO DROP
DER BLUEPRINTS!

DER FUEHRER
VILL GIFF ME A
MEDAL FOR DIS
CHOB!

THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN IN A LOW GLIDE



I MUST NOT
LET THOSE NAZI
SPIES GET THE NEW
DIVE BOMBER BLUEPRINTS!

... AND THE PILOT-SPY DROPS THE PARACHUTE WITH THE BLUEPRINTS!

BUT, AS THE DIVE-BOMBER CONTINUES TO FISH TAIL, DICK PICKS UP A HEAVY ROCK FROM THE GROUND.

IF I EVER WANTED TO PITCH A PERFECT STRIKE--IT'S NOW!



AND, JUST AS THE SPY PILOT IS ABOUT TO GIVE IT THE GUN, DICK, WITH AMAZING FORCE, THROWS THE ROCK AT THE PILOT!

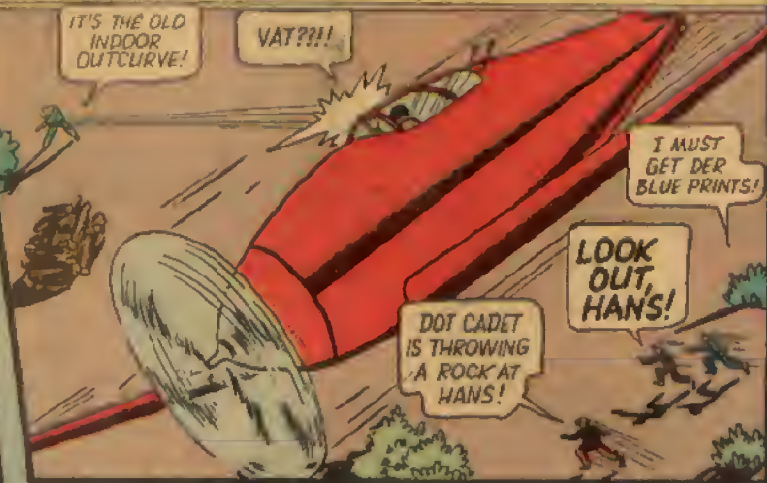
IT'S THE OLD INDOOR OUT-CURVE!

VAT??!!

I MUST GET DER BLUE PRINTS!

LOOK OUT, HANS!

DOT CADET IS THROWING A ROCK AT HANS!



THE HEAVY ROCK CRASHES INTO THE FACE OF THE BEWILDERED SPY!

AAAAAHHH HHHHHVVV!

BAM!



DICK PICKS UP THE PRECIOUS BLUE PRINTS AS THE SPY APPROACHES!

WAW! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!

STOP! I'D ISS MINE!



AS THE SPY CHASES DICK INTO THE WOODS, THE DIVE BOMBER, OUT OF CONTROL, CRASHES INTO THE GROUND, AND THE SINISTER PILOT PLUNGES TO HIS DESERVED DEATH!



I'LL KILL YOU! GIFF ME DER BLUEPRINTS!

POOR HANS! HE DIED FOR THE VATERLAND!

NEVER MIND HANS! GET DOSE BLUE PRINTS BACK OR VE DIE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, NAZI SCUM!



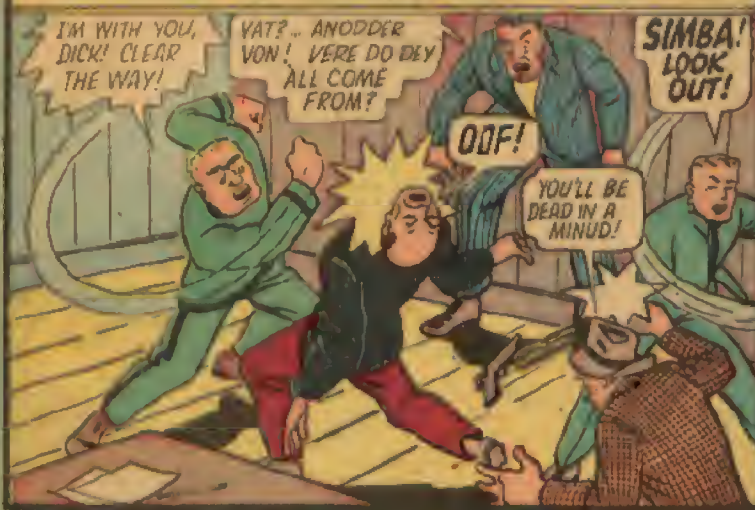
BUT DICK ELUIDES HIS PURSUERS AND HIDES THE PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS.

THEY CAN KILL ME! BUT, FOR MY COUNTRY'S SAKE, I DONT WANT THEM TO GET THESE DIVE BOMBER PLANS TO HITLER!





... AND ASTONISHES THE SPIES WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF HIS ATTACK.



WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING SPIES, MY HEAD CLEARS UP IN A SECOND, SIMBA!



DICK JOINS FORCES WITH SIMBA ...



SPELLBOUND -- THE HELPLESS RIMER AND EDDIE WATCH THE BATTLE ...



DICK AND SIMBA HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL AND RELIEVE GRATEFUL EDDIE AND RIMER ... WHEN, SUDDENLY ...



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

CRUMPETS AND JELLYFISH! LOOK AT THAT! THE F.B.I. ... AND ARMED TO THE TEETH! MACHINE GUNS AND EVERYTHING!



THEY SEE...

THIS KRUBB'S DANGEROUS!

ALL SPIES ARE DANGEROUS!

YOUNG DICK COLE CERTAINLY USED HIS HEAD!

I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



THE F.B.I. MEN ENTER THE SHACK AND ARE AMAZED AT THE REMARKABLE JOB ACCOMPLISHED BY DICK AND SIMBA.

WE'VE TRIED TO GET KRUBB FOR A LONG TIME!

THEY WERE SENDING MESSAGES TO GERMANY WITH THAT SHORT WAVE!

YOU BOYS CERTAINLY DESERVE CREDIT.

THAT PILOT WHO CRASHED WAS TEST PILOT FOR GLEEM AIRCRAFT. SOME SET UP!

COME ON! WE MUST FINISH OUR JOB ON THE FIREPLACE!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT OUR BIG VICTORY FIRE TONIGHT!

DERE ISS NO VICTORY FOR US!



ACH!



AS THE BOYS RUSH TO THE FIREPLACE, MAJOR FARR RIDES UP AND IS GREETED BY AN F.B.I. MAN.

NOT ONLY FARR, BUT ALL AMERICA CAN BE PROUD OF DICK COLE AND SIMBA TOO!

DICK COLE TYPIFIES THE SPIRIT OF THE REAL AMERICAN BOY!



DICK AND THE COMMITTEE REACH THE FIREPLACE

BUT WHY DID THEY GRAB RIMER AND ME?

THEY TOOK YOU FOR SIMBA AND ME!

YEAH! THEY ONLY SAW OUR FARR UNIFORMS NOT OUR FACES!

EXCUSE ME! I'LL RUN AHEAD!



RIMER RUSHES TO THE FIREPLACE AND REMOVES EVERY ONE OF THE FIRECRACKERS HE HAD PLACED THERE!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN TO THINK BADLY OF A FELLOW AS FINE AS DICK COLE!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER DICK COLE HAS STARTED THE VICTORY FIRE WITH THE "BURNING BRANCH OF VICTORY," MAJOR FARR COMMENDS DICK AND SIMBA.

...AND MOST OF YOU WILL NEVER REALIZE WHAT A **REAL** VICTORY HAS BEEN WON THIS DAY!

NOW LET'S CALL UPON CADET COLE TO LEAD US IN SINGING OUR SCHOOL SONG!

YEA, DICK!

COME ON, DICK!



GO IN THERE AND KNOCK 'EM DEAD, KID! USE BOTH LUNGS!

YOU BET!... CONFIDENTIALLY, I'M NERVOUS AS A KITTEN!

HERE-- HOLD MY HAT!

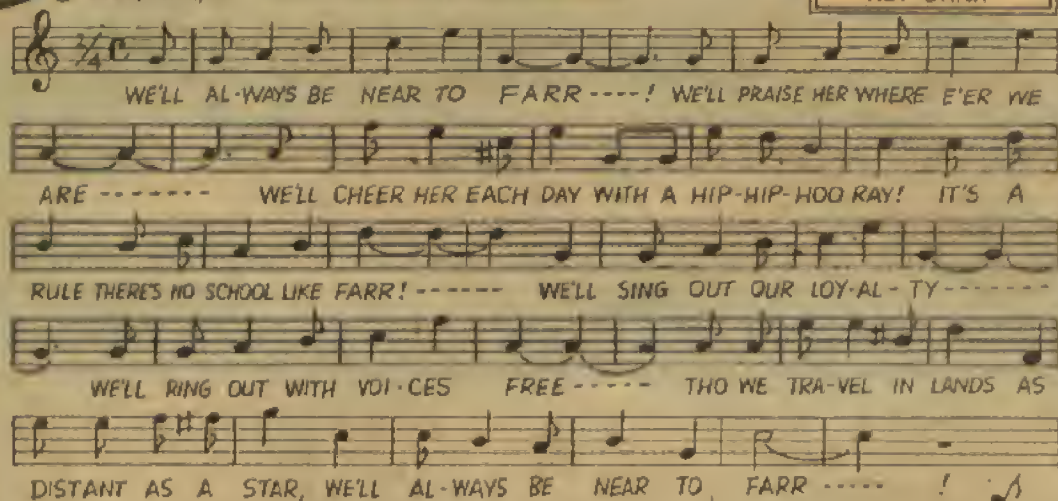


"WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR!"

FARR MILITARY ACADEMY'S
OFFICIAL SCHOOL SONG!

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
ROY GARN

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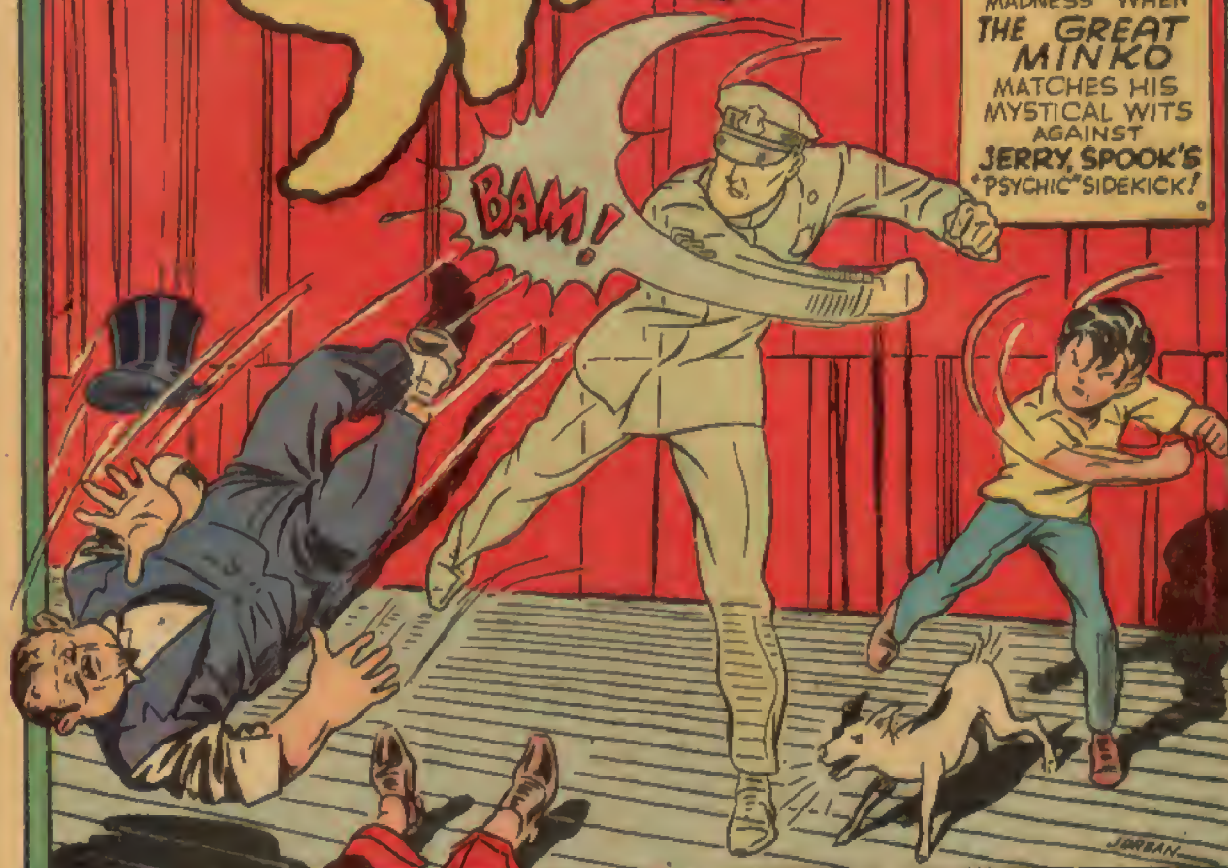


ALL TOGETHER, FELLOWS!
...AGAIN!

BAND PLAYING! CADETS SINGING!
...IN A BLARE OF LIGHT AND MUSIC,
VACATION TIME IS HERE FOR
DICK AND SIMBA ... MORE IN
THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**

Sergeant Spook

IT'S MAGICAL-
MADNESS WHEN
THE GREAT
MINKO
MATCHES HIS
MYSTICAL WITS
AGAINST
JERRY, SPOOK'S
"PSYCHIC" SIDEKICK!

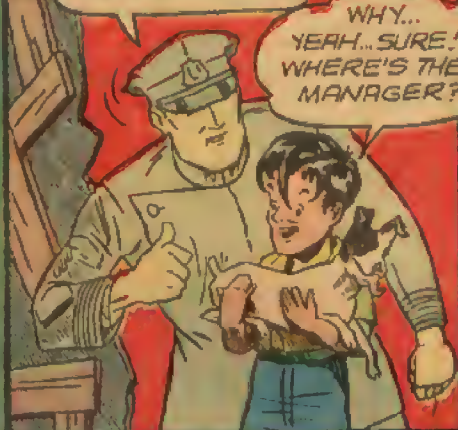


AS JERRY IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, HE STOPS TO WATCH MINKO...THE MAGICIAN.



BOY...I WISH I COULD DO THAT!

HI, JERRY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY OUT FOR A MAGICIAN'S JOB. WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PUT ON A GOOD ACT!



WHY... YEAH... SURE! WHERE'S THE MANAGER?

SAY.. I'M A MAGICIAN, TOO. GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO... HUH?

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?

OKAY! LET'S SEE YOUR STUFF!

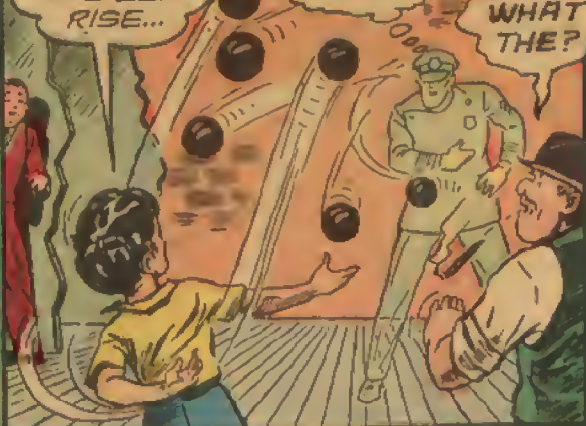


SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY START THEIR ACT...

ABBA SOUIZLA RISE...

NICE GOING, KID!

WHAT THE?



HOW'S THIS ONE?

BOY! THAT'S SWELL!

BAH!



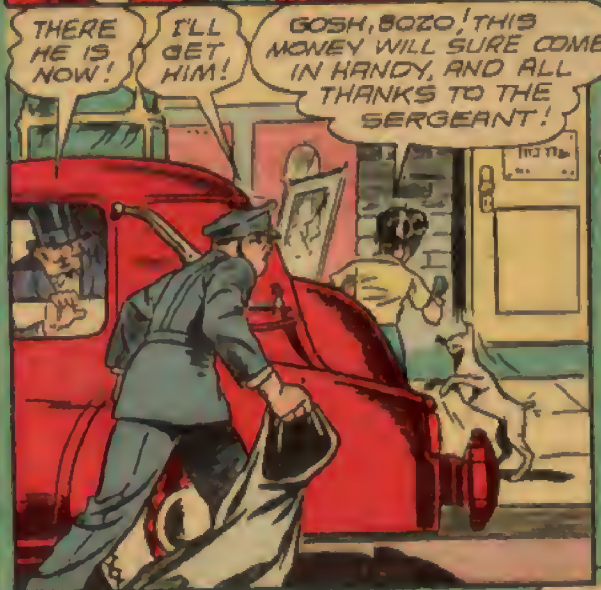
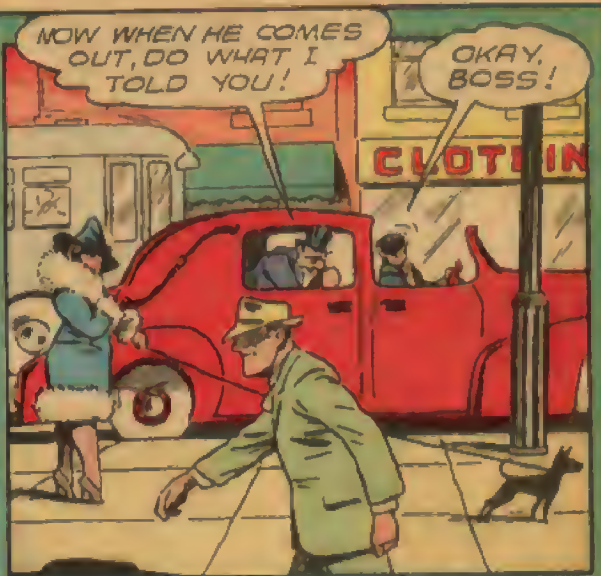
HERE'S ONE TO TOP IT OFF!

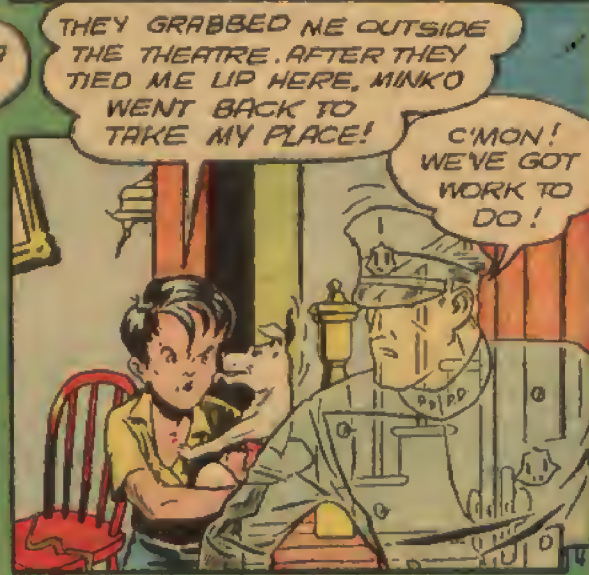
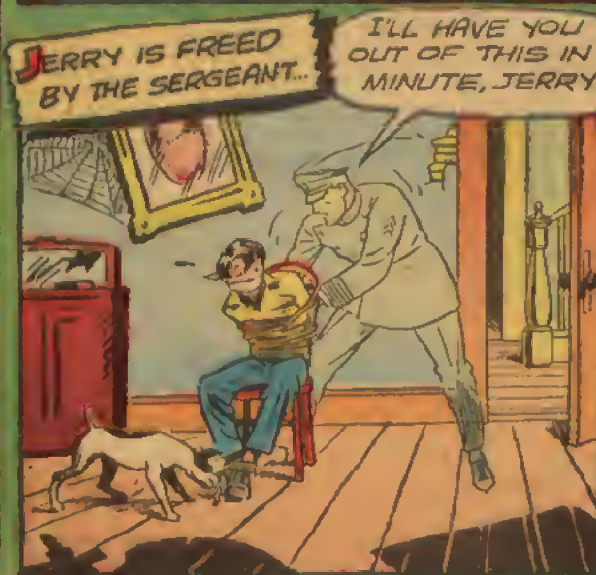
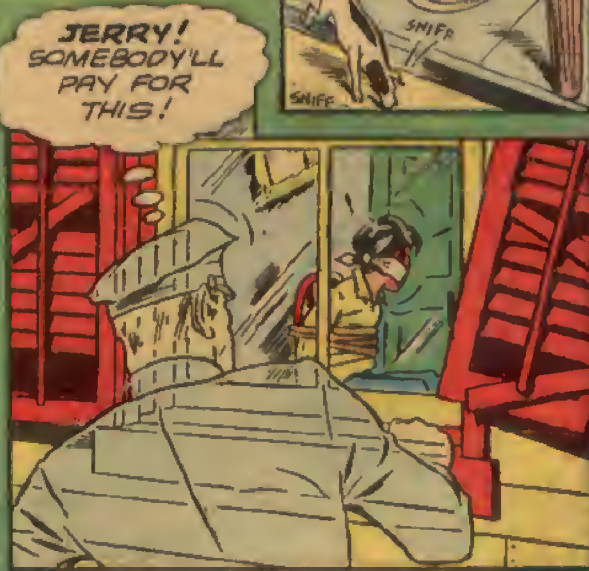
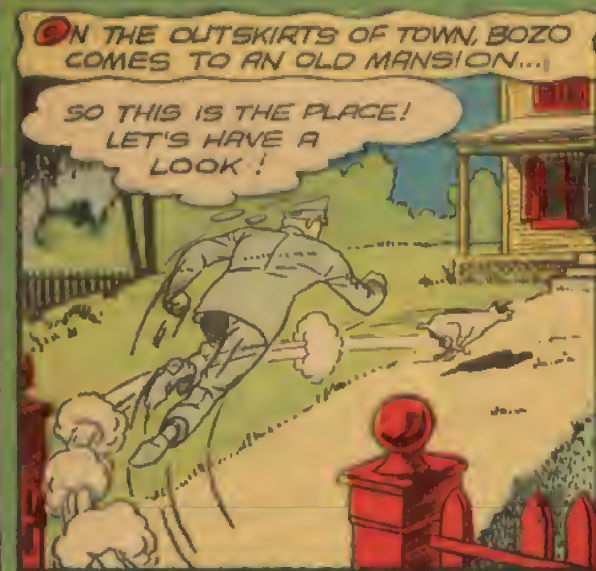
HEY!

KIDDO! THE JOB IS YOURS!

ALLEZ OOP!!







Meanwhile AT THE THEATRE.

I HAVE BEEN HUMILIATED!
FOR THAT YOU WILL
PAY ME TWICE
AS MUCH!

OH, ALL RIGHT.
YOU'RE ON
NEXT!

NO
SMOKING

EXIT

THAT KID WON'T MEDDLE
IN MY BUSINESS ANYMORE.
AND THIS MANAGER IS
GOING TO PAY PLENTY
AFTER THIS!



MINKO
GOES
ON...

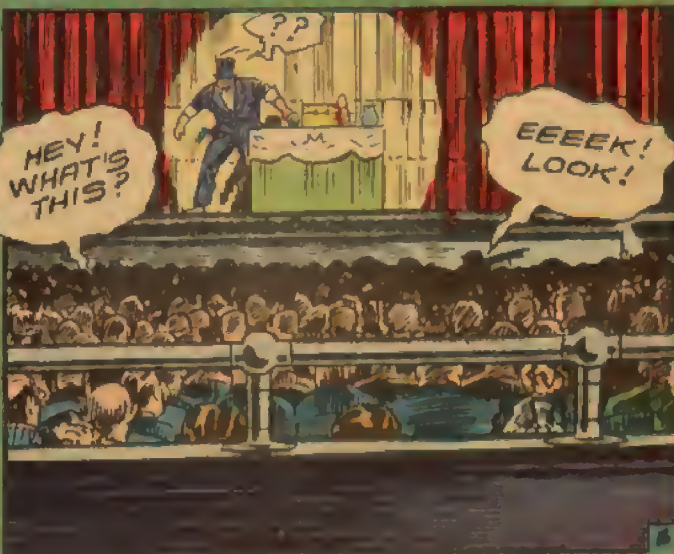
AH... I SEE YOU
ARE READY FOR
ZE TRICKS, EH?

WATCH! ZE
HAND IS QUICKER
ZAN ZE EYE!

AND NOW, FOR THE
MOST MYSTIFYING OF
ALL MY TRICKS!

HEY!
WHAT'S
THIS?

EEEEK!
LOOK!



JERRY COMES 'FLOATING'
DOWN THE AISLE...

HOW'RE
WE DOIN'?

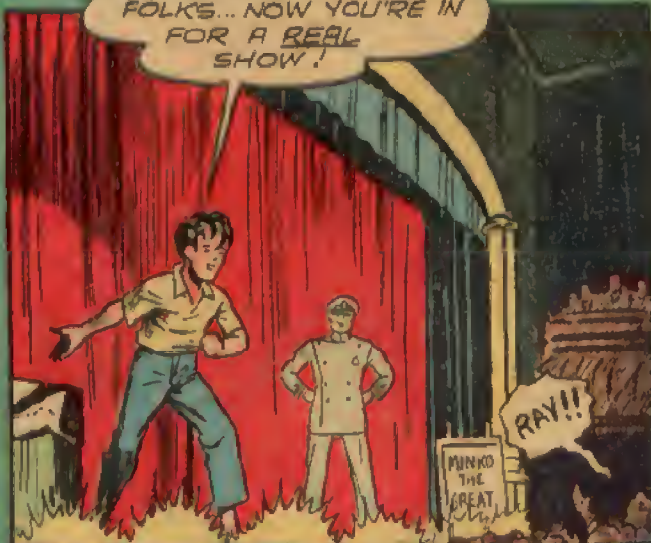


...RIGHT ONTO THE STAGE!

WHAT
THE?



FOLKS... NOW YOU'RE IN
FOR A REAL
SHOW!



RAY!!

WINKO
THE
GREAT

THE AUDIENCE IS DUMBFOUNDED...

WHEE! SOME
STUFF, EH?

WOOF!!



THIS IS ONLY THE
START. NOW I'LL
SHOW YOU
SOMETHING
GOOD!



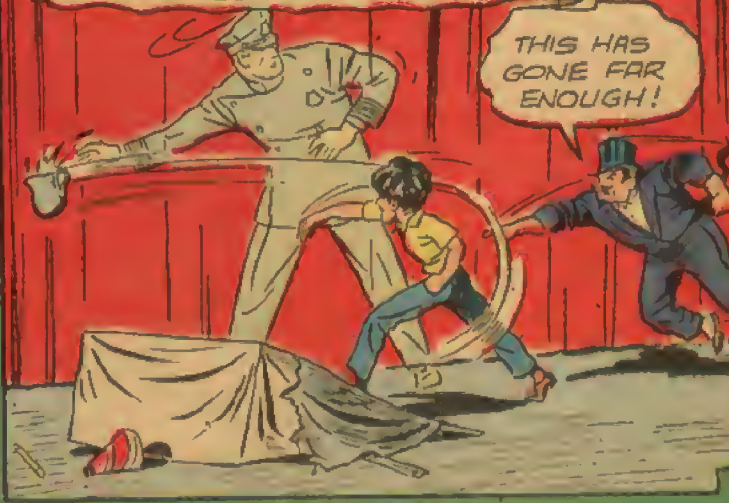
MINKO SIGNALS HIS HENCHMEN IN THE WINGS.



SERGEANT SPOOK ACTS!



JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK GO TO TOWN...



MINKO DIVES
FOR JERRY!

I'LL GET
YOU FOR
THIS!

..BUT..
NOT THIS
TIME, MINKO!

ALLEZ
OOP!

WHAT
IS
THIS?

UP YOU
GO, PAL!

THE AUDIENCE THINKS
IT'S PART OF THE ACT.

SWELL!

FINE!

YEA!

THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN
AND SO DOES MINKO...

MAYBE THIS WILL
TEACH YOU NOT
TO KIDNAP
PEOPLE!

AND
HOW!

A GREAT PERFORMANCE,
JERRY. HOW ABOUT A
LONG TERM CONTRACT?

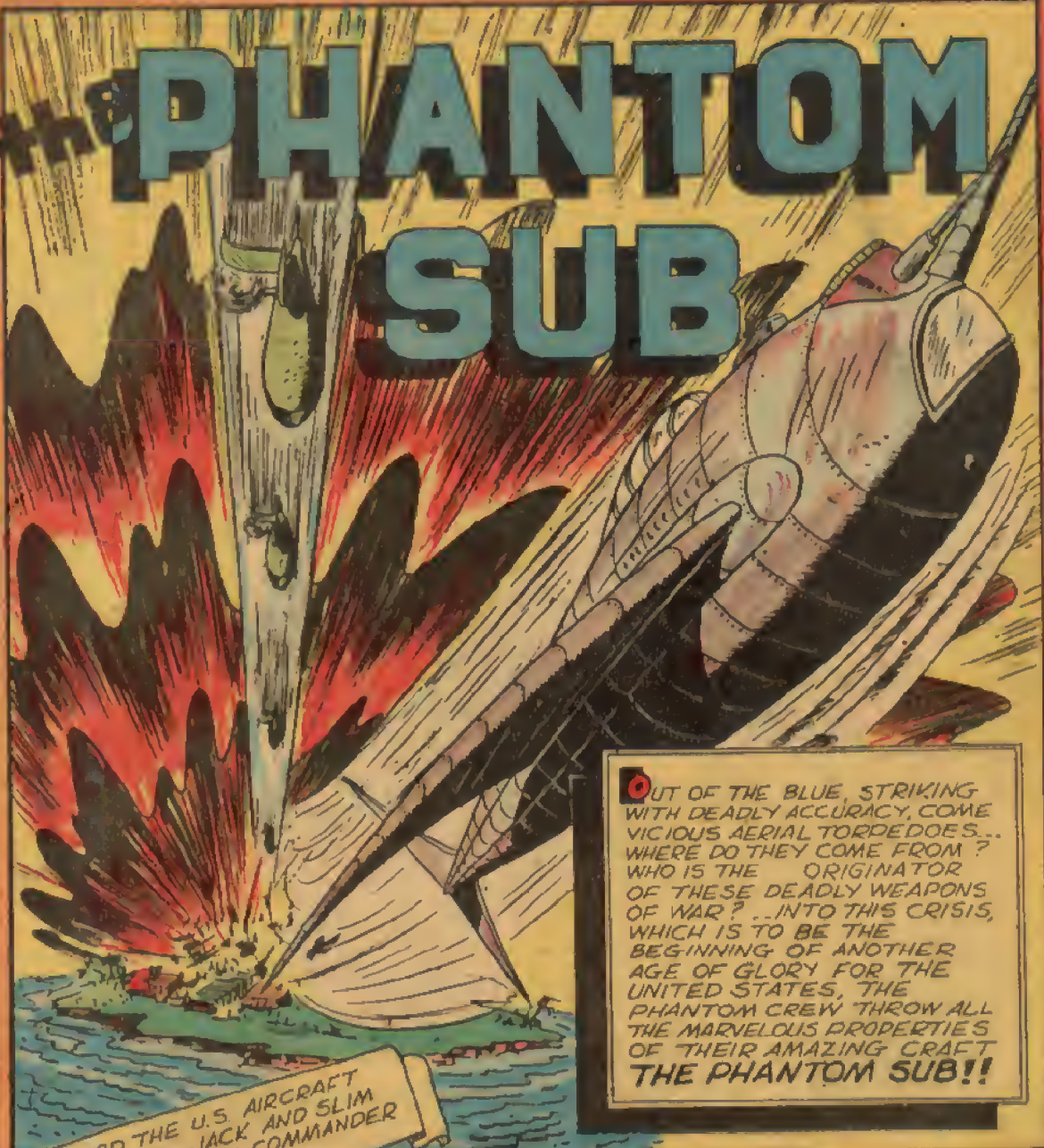
G-GOSH!

DID YOU
SEE THE LOOK
ON MINKO'S
FACE?

HE WON'T
TRY
ANYTHING
LIKE THAT
AGAIN.

SERGEANT
SPOOK
AND
JERRY,
HIS
"PSYCHIC" SIDEKICK,
WILL RETURN
IN THE NEXT
BLUE BOLT
WITH ANOTHER
THRILLER!
CHILLER!

THE PHANTOM SUB



OUT OF THE BLUE, STRIKING WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, COME VICIOUS AERIAL TORPEDOES... WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? WHO IS THE ORIGINATOR OF THESE DEADLY WEAPONS OF WAR? ... INTO THIS CRISIS, WHICH IS TO BE THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER AGE OF GLORY FOR THE UNITED STATES, THE PHANTOM CREW THROW ALL THE MARVELOUS PROPERTIES OF THEIR AMAZING CRAFT THE PHANTOM SUB!!

ABOARD THE U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER #2, JACK AND SLIM CONFER WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE CARRIER -

I FIGURE THAT THESE TORPEDOES WERE SENT ON A RADIO BEAM.

YES, WHOEVER IS SENDING THEM MUST HAVE A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY COME FROM!... BUT HOW? IT'S LIKE TRYING TO TRACE A GHOST!

THE ONLY THING I CAN SEE IS TO HAVE THE PHANTOM SUB AND ALL MY PLANES TRY TO LOCATE THAT BEAM!

THAT'S IT! LET'S GET GOING!



SO FOR DAYS, WITH UNCEASING VIGILANCE, ALL SQUADRONS OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER AND THE PHANTOM SUB PATROL THE SKIES...



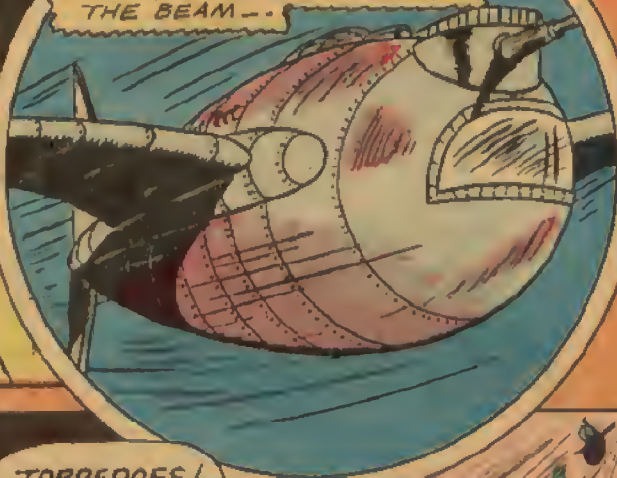
THEN ONE DAY ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB...

AW, IT'S NO USE! WE'LL NEVER LOCATE THAT BEAM!

JACK!... SLIM! LISTEN TO THIS!!



WITH THEIR RADIO KEEPING THEM ON THEIR COURSE, THE PHANTOM CREW SENDS THE SUB SHOOTING ALONG THE BEAM...



HEAR THAT? IT'S A LONG CONTINUOUS SIGNAL, AND VERY STRONG!

YES, IT'S THE BEAM! WE'VE GOT IT!

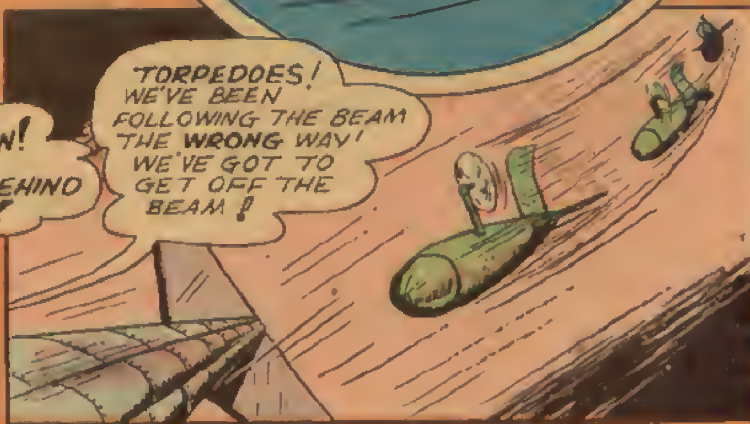


IT'S NOT LONG UNTIL...

THE BEAM IS TAKING US RIGHT DOWN TOWARD THAT TRAMP STEAMER. I WONDER IF...

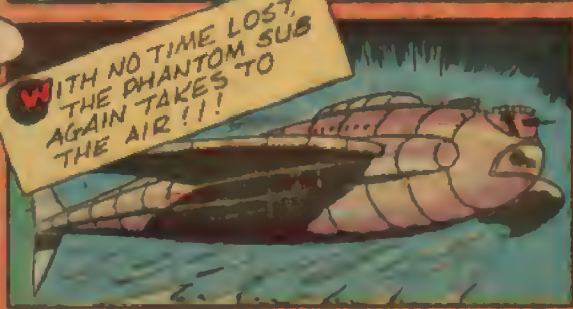
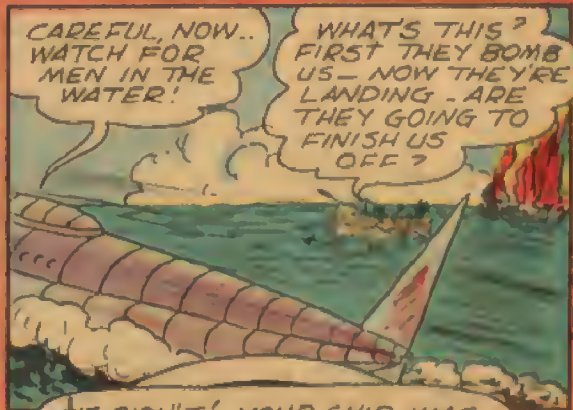
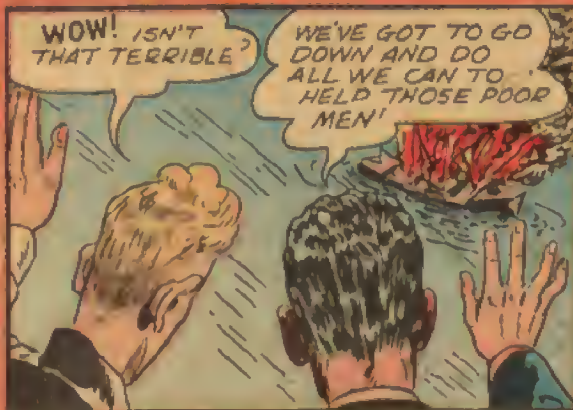
YEEOW! LOOK BEHIND US!!

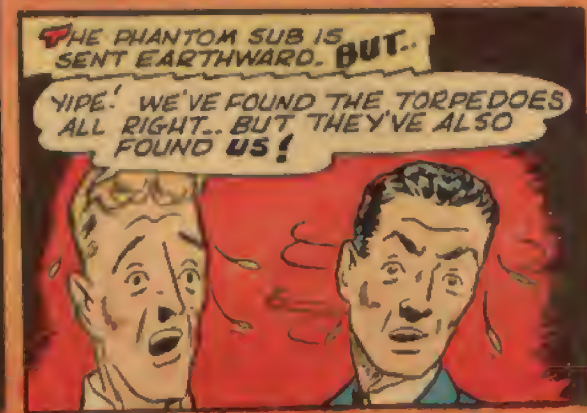
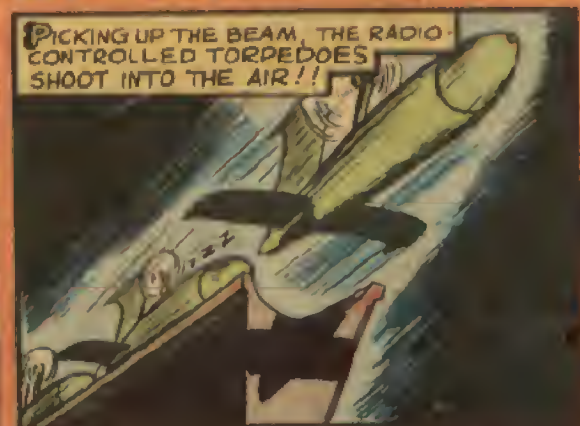
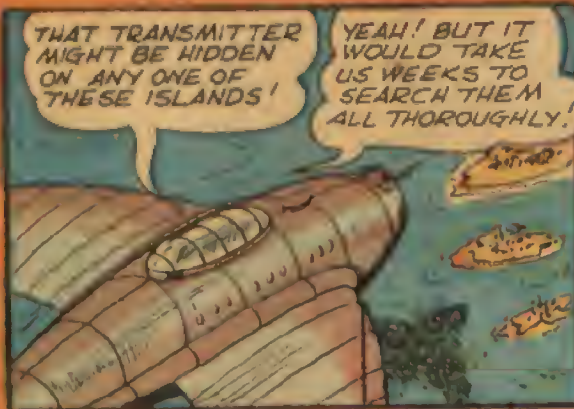
TORPEDOES! WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE BEAM THE WRONG WAY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THE BEAM!



THE PHANTOM SUB SWERVES OFF THE BEAM TO SAFETY, BUT THE TORPEDOES SCORE DIRECT HITS ON THE UNSUSPECTING TRAMP STEAMER--!









WHEW! I HEARD THAT ONE SAY "HELLO" AS IT WENT BY!

BUT THE DANGER IS FAR FROM AVERTED BECAUSE THE BEAM STILL CONTACTS THEM AND ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE DEADLY TORPEDOES SEARCH THE AIR --



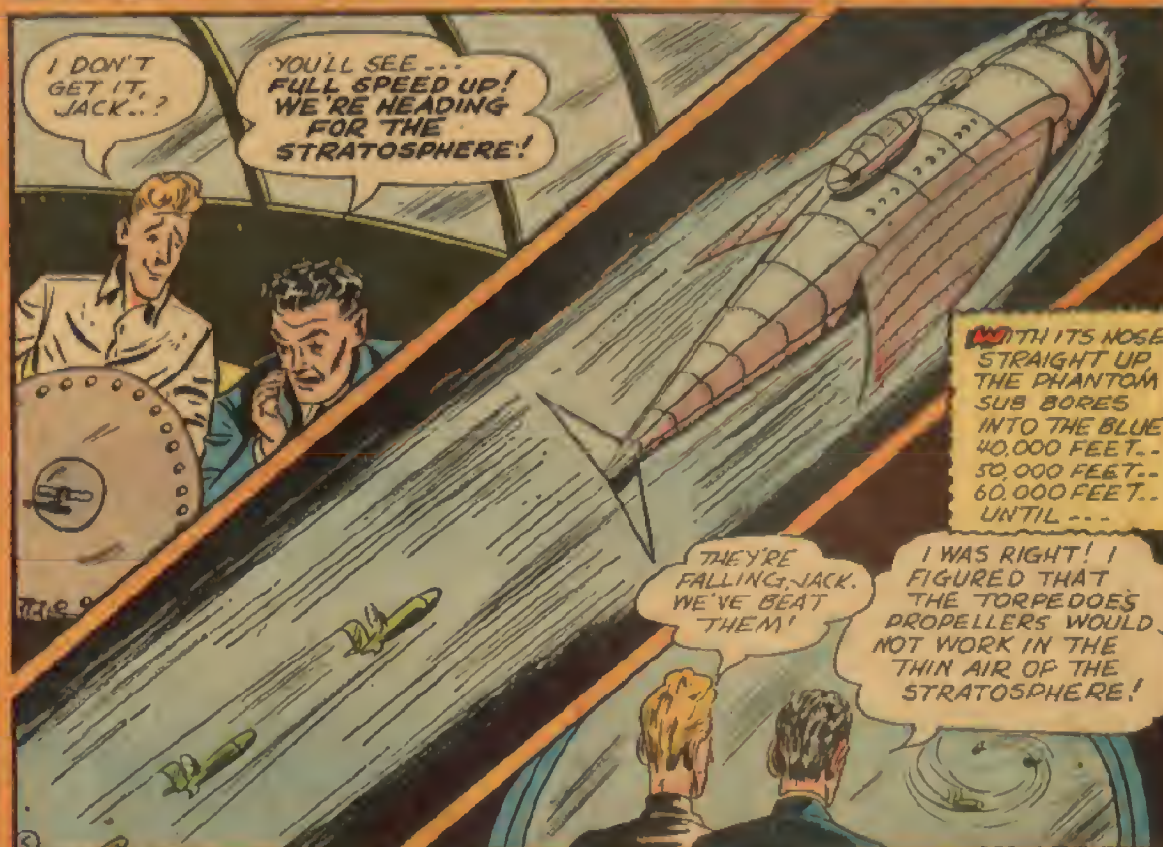
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, JACK! ONE OF THEM IS BOUND TO GET US!

SOMEHOW WE'VE GOT TO LOSE THAT BEAM. BUT HOW...?



IF WE WERE ONLY MAGICIANS WE COULD VANISH INTO THIN AIR!

YEAH, ... HEY! THIN AIR --- OF COURSE THE STRATOSPHERE!



I DON'T GET IT, JACK...?

YOU'LL SEE... FULL SPEED UP! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE STRATOSPHERE!

WITH ITS NOSE STRAIGHT UP THE PHANTOM SUB BORES INTO THE BLUE. 40,000 FEET.. 50,000 FEET.. 60,000 FEET.. UNTIL ---

THEY'RE FALLING, JACK. WE'VE BEAT THEM!

I WAS RIGHT! I FIGURED THAT THE TORPEDOES PROPELLERS WOULD NOT WORK IN THE THIN AIR OF THE STRATOSPHERE!

SWINGING IN A WIDE ARC, SO THAT THE BEAM WILL NOT PICK IT UP AGAIN, THE PHANTOM SUB SHOOT'S DOWN TOWARD THE ISLAND.

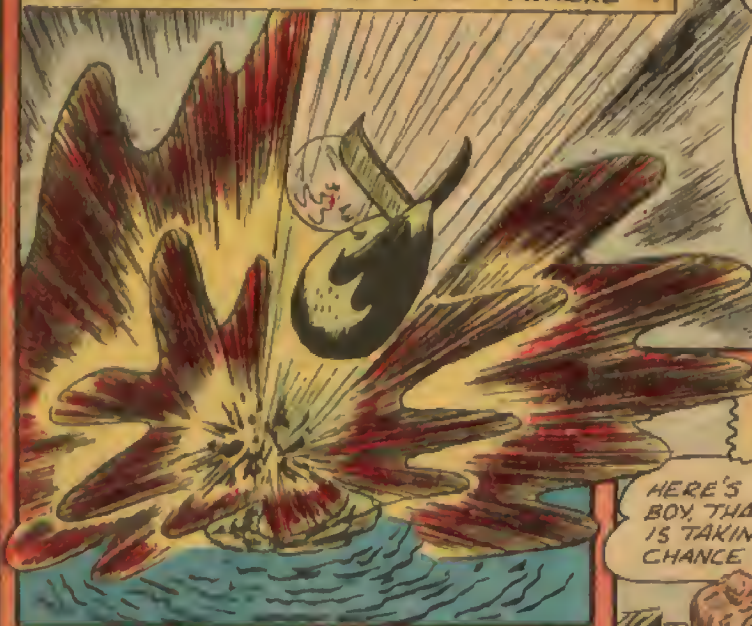


LOOK! THOSE THINGS ARE LIKE BOOMERANGS -- THEY'RE FALLING ON THE ISLAND!

OH, OH! GOOD-BYE ISLAND!



HAVING LOST THEIR POWER TO FLY, THE TORPEDOES DRIFT BACK ON THE BEAM AND FALL DIRECTLY ON THE ISLAND -- WHERE --!



CONTACT COMMANDER EAGLES.. TELL HIM TO GET HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



THE SUB IS LANDED AND JACK AND SLIM VIEW THE REMAINS OF THE ISLAND.

HERE'S THE COMMANDER. DON'T WORRY, BOY, THAT PILOT IS TAKING A CHANCE LANDING.

SLIM, THE U.S. NAVY PILOTS ARE THE WORLD'S BEST.



ONE JAPANESE AND ONE GERMAN, COMMANDER. ALL THE EQUIPMENT WAS JAPANESE, TOO!

MORE OF THEIR VICIOUS, UNDERHANDED METHODS OF WAR, EH? WELL, THIS IS FINISHED, ANYWAY!



GREAT WORK, JACK. NOW TO CLEAN THEM OUT OF THE PACIFIC, TOO. REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!



MORE OF
PHANTOM SUB
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
BLUE BOLT

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, ASSISTING GENERAL BRADDOCK, HAD HIS REGIMENT BESIEGED BY INDIAN AND FRENCH FIGHTERS.

JOEY, IN THE VERY BEGINNING OF AMERICAN HISTORY, THE 115TH INFANTRY FOUGHT TO ESTABLISH OUR COUNTRY. HERE IS HOW THEY GOT THEIR BATTLE MOTTO...

"LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

WASHINGTON'S UNIFORM WAS SHOT FULL OF HOLES. HIS MEN JUMPED FOR THE TREES AND FOUGHT INDIAN FASHION.



THE BRITISH, UNACCUSTOMED TO THIS TYPE OF WARFARE, REMAINED IN FILE, AND LOST ALMOST THEIR ENTIRE GROUP, BUT WASHINGTON'S MEN SAVED THE DAY.



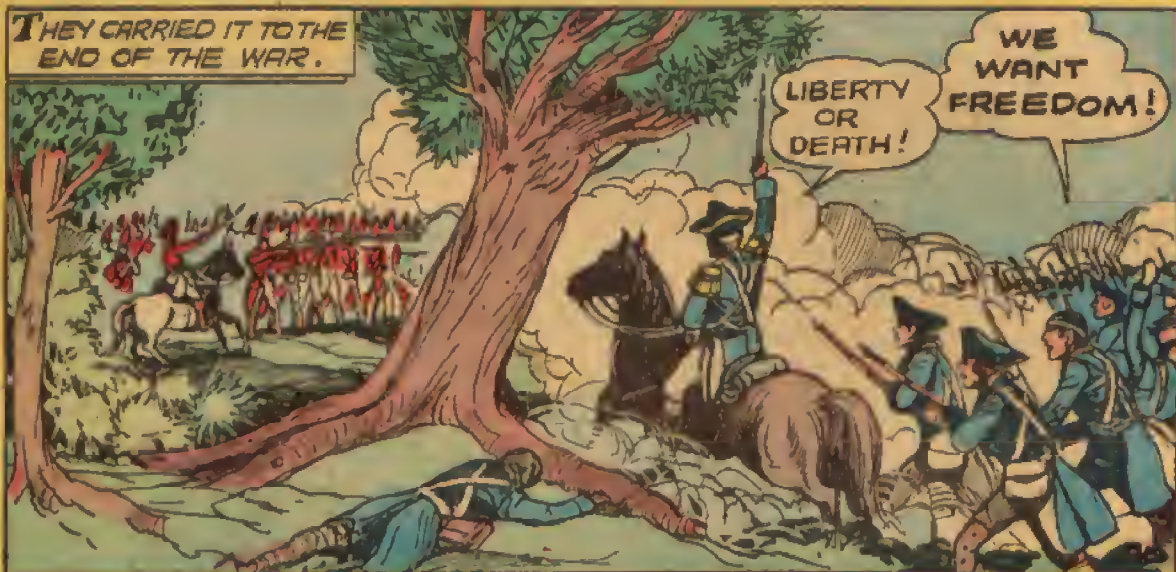
IN 1775, PATRICK HENRY, WAS APPOINTED REGIMENTAL COLONEL.



FROM HIS FIERY SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESSSES, THE REGIMENT ADOPTED THEIR MOTTO!



THEY CARRIED IT TO THE END OF THE WAR.



AS THE 'VIRGINIA INFANTRY' IN THE CIVIL WAR, CHARGING HILL BATTERIES WAS THEIR SPECIALTY.



THEY TURNED THE CAPTURED CANNON ON THE ENEMY.



NEXT CAME THE WORLD WAR, AND THEY DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES WITH VALOR.

VIVE L'AMÉRIQUE!

HELLO, FRANCE!
LIBERTY FOR
US AND DEATH
TO THE HUNS!

WE ARE
SAVED!



IN THE ADVANCE ON BULL-
RUY BOIS, THREE NESTS OF
SEVEN MACHINE GUNS
HELD UP THE ADVANCE.

WE MUST DO
SOMETHING!



PRIVATE GASPANI BLASTED
THE POSITIONS WITH
GRENADES...



...WIPING OUT THREE GUNS.

THAT TAKES CARE
OF YOU!



... AND CAPTURING 12
GERMANS ..

COME OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS
UP!

KAMERAD!



THE OTHER MEN, FIGHTING
INDIAN FASHION, BEHIND
ANY PROTECTION, SHOT
AWAY AT SNIPERS.

THAT
MAKES
SIX FOR
ME!

A HIT!



THE GERMANS WERE AMAZED
AT THEIR MARKSMANSHIP.

GOTT,
WHAT
SHOOTING!



SUFFERING HEAVY LOSSES FROM MACHINE GUN FIRE, THE GROUP LED BY CAPTAIN ALFRED D. BARKSDALE, WAS RAPIDLY BEING DEPLETED.

IT'S THOSE MACHINE GUNS UP AHEAD!



RUSHING THE GUNS, BARKSDALE CAPTURED THEM AND THE GUNNERS!

"HOLLER UNCLE," OR YOU'LL EAT A GRENADE!

VE QUIT!

DON'T THROW IT!



THEN...EXPOSED TO HEAVY BOMBARDMENT, BARKSDALE DRESSED THE WOUNDED.



I'LL FINISH THEM OFF!



...AND AGAIN HE SET OUT WITH ONLY A PISTOL AND RIFLE, AND WIRED OUT THE ENEMY THAT WAS FIRING UPON HIM!



AT THE WAR'S CLOSE, THE REGIMENT WAS HONORED BY FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG. NOW, THEY ARE PREPARING FOR FURTHER GLORY IN WORLD WAR II.





THE GIANT OF ANTWERP

More centuries than you can count on the fingers of both hands have passed since the story of the founding of the city of Antwerp, in Belgium, was first told.

It seems that a giant called Antigonus came out of the wilds of Germany and built a hut at the mouth of the Schelde River at the point where it turns to empty into the North Sea. Antigonus was a very cruel and bloodthirsty creature who made a living by exacting toll from the captains who sailed their ships up the Schelde River into the Atlantic Ocean, by way of the North Sea. Sometimes a captain refused to stop his ship to pay the giant his toll and the old story tells how Antigonus captured the boat and cut off the hands of the captain, throwing them into the sea. This happened several times, and the farmers of the country began to call the section where the giant lived "Hand Werpen" which means hand throwing.

Many brave men tried to kill Antigonus, but he was too powerful and no one could best him. Tales of his cruelty were told throughout Europe and scores of warriors left their homes to do battle against the monster who killed them all. Then, one day, a youth named Silvius Brabo came to try his skill and life with the giant. Silvius was a tall lad, but he looked quite small when compared to the giant, who laughed when he saw him. But the youth had no fear and after a battle which raged three days and nights Silvius killed the monster with a clever thrust of his sword into a vital part of his armor.

The happy people built a monument to the hero which still stands in a public square in Antwerp. Men went on calling the section "Hand Werpen", but it wasn't long before the words were run together and the name was pronounced Antwerp. Since that time it has remained unchanged. Before Belgium lost its freedom to the Nazis it was one of the most important cities of Europe. Hundreds of ships left its harbor every week for distant and nearby ports. Today it is a base for German warships but we are certain that it will once again be free and independent.



GREAT "\$4 FOR 5¢" OFFER!

Big collection of 112 all different stamps, from America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua small, triangle and animal stamps, many others. (2) 8 green and red United States, all price 30¢. (3) Blue packet 28 all British Colonies—Charlotte, Jamaica, Barbados, etc. (4) U. S. \$4.00 and 48 5¢ high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only \$1 to approval applicants! Exp. lists at other rates same time.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Bldg. 3-A, CAMDEN, N. Y.

55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5¢

including AIRMAILS, PAID, CANCELLED, etc. from various countries. (2) 8 green and red United States, all price 30¢. (3) Blue packet 28 all British Colonies—Charlotte, Jamaica, Barbados, etc. (4) U. S. \$4.00 and 48 5¢ high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only \$1 to approval applicants! Exp. lists at other rates same time.

W. C. BOORMAN, Box 145 E. Maclelland, N. J.

PONY EXPRESS SET

Five different sets of 10 each, including 10¢, 15¢, 20¢, 25¢, 30¢, 35¢, 40¢, 45¢, 50¢, 60¢, 70¢, 80¢, 90¢, 100¢, 110¢, 120¢, 130¢, 140¢, 150¢, 160¢, 170¢, 180¢, 190¢, 200¢, 210¢, 220¢, 230¢, 240¢, 250¢, 260¢, 270¢, 280¢, 290¢, 300¢, 310¢, 320¢, 330¢, 340¢, 350¢, 360¢, 370¢, 380¢, 390¢, 400¢, 410¢, 420¢, 430¢, 440¢, 450¢, 460¢, 470¢, 480¢, 490¢, 500¢, 510¢, 520¢, 530¢, 540¢, 550¢, 560¢, 570¢, 580¢, 590¢, 600¢, 610¢, 620¢, 630¢, 640¢, 650¢, 660¢, 670¢, 680¢, 690¢, 700¢, 710¢, 720¢, 730¢, 740¢, 750¢, 760¢, 770¢, 780¢, 790¢, 800¢, 810¢, 820¢, 830¢, 840¢, 850¢, 860¢, 870¢, 880¢, 890¢, 900¢, 910¢, 920¢, 930¢, 940¢, 950¢, 960¢, 970¢, 980¢, 990¢, 1000¢, 1010¢, 1020¢, 1030¢, 1040¢, 1050¢, 1060¢, 1070¢, 1080¢, 1090¢, 1100¢, 1110¢, 1120¢, 1130¢, 1140¢, 1150¢, 1160¢, 1170¢, 1180¢, 1190¢, 1200¢, 1210¢, 1220¢, 1230¢, 1240¢, 1250¢, 1260¢, 1270¢, 1280¢, 1290¢, 1300¢, 1310¢, 1320¢, 1330¢, 1340¢, 1350¢, 1360¢, 1370¢, 1380¢, 1390¢, 1400¢, 1410¢, 1420¢, 1430¢, 1440¢, 1450¢, 1460¢, 1470¢, 1480¢, 1490¢, 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15070¢, 150

A Case of Poison Ivy

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

JERRY, HOP OVER to the Wilkins Hotel. Someone just knocked off Big Tom Slade!" The young reporter at the desk dropped his pencil and snatched his hat from the rack. "Big Tom, eh?" Jerry's thoughts were racing as he dashed for the elevator, scratching an itch on his back. Slade was just out of prison, where he spent a couple of years on an income tax evasion charge. Rumor had it that Slade had salted a nice pile of cash away to start over when he got out. No doubt the killers were after that.

At the hotel Jerry didn't wait for the clerk to call up. He spied two cops heading for the elevator, and scratching as he went, got in with them. "Say," he asked, "what's the story on the Slade killing?" The cop glared at him. "Who're you?"

"Reporter from the Chronicle!" He flashed his press card. The cops looked at each other.

"I don't know how it got to the papers so fast. He's only been dead an hour or so. From what we see, Slade was killed by an unknown assailant by a bullet through the head. His place was untouched, so the robbery motive is out, and he had no enemies that we know of. Any that had reason to kill him are in the pen."

"Any trace of that dough Slade was supposed to have bunked ever show up?"

"Naw, I think that's a lot of hokey. He had plenty of it at one time, but he spent it pretty fast, too. He might have salted some of it away, but if he did it was hidden very neatly. No word of it ever came over the grape-

vine!" Jerry rubbed his back against the elevator wall trying to get rid of a crawling sensation along his spine.

"Well, if there's no other motive, then the hidden dough angle ought to be a good bet to try anyway!"

Stopping at the eighteenth floor the door opened and they stepped out. Jerry was on friendly terms with the captain in charge, so no one objected when he ducked into the room. One look around showed him that the room was in order. The body was sitting in an armchair with a neat bullet hole in the middle of the forehead, and the legs were crossed as if death were the last thing in his mind when the killer struck.

Jerry frowned, perplexed. If he were to scoop the other papers he had to clean this thing up fast. Some very puzzling thoughts were buzzing around in his head, and whenever that happened he knew he'd soon stumble on a clue to the crime. Quickly, he went through the drawers in the dresser and desk, but outside of a few hundred dollars in ten dollar bills he found nothing.

Sitting down in a chair facing the corpse, Jerry did some tall thinking. Robbery was out, as the cop had said, unless the murderer was after bigger stuff. Maybe there was something in that rumor, after all. If Big Tom had a half million hidden away as he was supposed to have, then the stakes would be high enough for anybody. From the position of the body, Slade must have known the intruder. Jerry scratched his neck. Doggone itch, he thought.

Suddenly a possibility flashed into his mind. Jim Collins, Slade's former aide! He jumped up to go, but something on the floor caught his eye. A match, bent double as though the person had lit it the trick way one does with one hand, bending the match back against the striking surface. That was it. The one who lit that match must have had a gun in the other hand! He stuck the thing in his pocket.

He scratched all the way to Collins' apartment, mentally reminding himself to get something to relieve the itch. The door was opened by a thin looking mug with eyes that were a cold grey. "What do you want?"

"I'm Jerry Harper from the Chronicle. I wanna know if you got anything on the Slade killing." Collins' jaw dropped open.

"Slade dead?" he gasped out. Jerry nodded, scratching his leg. He had hoped to trap Jim, but evidently he didn't know about the murder since it wasn't in the papers yet. Acting on a hunch, Jerry pulled out a cigarette and lit it with one hand. He ripped the match off and threw it to the floor, significantly. Collins watched him but said nothing.

"I guess that's all then," Jerry turned down the hall as the door slammed behind him. The next stop was at Mike Bedloe's office. He was Big Tom Slade's lawyer, and his shady reputation was not beyond suspicion. Bedloe's secretary admitted him to the inner chambers. The lawyer was a mean looking man, with a short mustache and close-cropped hair. He sneered at Jerry. "I guess you want some dope on Slade, eh? Well, I haven't anything to say!"

Poison Ivy proves to be a Sure Cure for a Killer!

"How do you know about his death?" Jerry spat out. "It hasn't been in the papers yet!"

"Captain Carter called me ten minutes ago. Now scram!" Jerry felt like taking a poke at him, but he was too busy scratching. Instead he lit a match exactly as he did at Collins' place, then walked out. A taxi took him to Slade's old gambling house, now owned by "Whitey" Alpin. On the street the newsboys were screaming out the headlines. Nerts, he thought, he wouldn't be able to trick Alpin into anything now that the story was out.

From now on he'd have to trust to luck, and if he ever uncovered the killer it would be a surprise to him.

Jerry's hand slapped against his leg. The fingers clawed at an itchy spot, taking over it with sharp nails. Jerry looked at the roof and groaned. "Why did this have to happen to me? If I didn't go to the country for a week-end I wouldn't have caught this blasted poison ivy. On top of *all* my troubles I gotta get that!" He fished in a pocket for the fare, paid off the driver and stepped out.

THE COPPER CLUB was running wide open when the reporter got there. Smoke hung lazily around the tables, and waiters that looked more like football players were everywhere. Whitey met him with a smile, his ever-present cigar in his mouth. "So, you're on the Slade case! Too bad about Big Tom—he was a nice guy."

Jerry scratched as he spoke. "What's in the rumor that Slade had a pile of dough hidden away? Know anything about it?"

"Nope. That is, I think he had it all right, but I don't know where."

Jerry gabbled awhile, then pulled the match trick. No response. Well, his leads had petered out. He'd have to try a new approach. He climbed into bed at his bachelor apartments

and pulled the covers over his head.

It might have been a sixth sense that awakened him, but he knew that someone was in the room with him. No light came in the window, leaving the place so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. He itched violently, but dared not betray the fact that he was awake by scratching. The tension was unbearable. A neon light in the street flashed periodically, and for a brief second he saw the glint of a knife! He knew that in a moment the killer would be on him, unless he acted.

The light blinked again, and Jerry's hand shot out. He caught the wrist that held the weapon and twisted it furiously. The steel fell to the floor! But the battle was not over. There in the dark he stood toe to toe with the would-be murderer, slugging left and right. They tripped over chairs and fell with a crash. A roundhouse right caught his assailant, knocking him against the wall. Outside, feet were clumping on the floor, and a hand knocked at the door demanding to know what was going on. Before he could answer a fist got him square on the jaw and the lights went out.

Jerry came to ten minutes later. A crowd of people were in the room gazing at him. A glance at the window told him that his midnight attacker had fled down the fire escape. A second look proved that he'd taken his weapon with him. He got rid of the people to sit down to think and scratch. One thing he knew—his ruse had been successful! One of the three men he pulled the match trick on got wise and tried to finish him.

As usual, his head was jammed with thoughts, racing back and forth trying to come to a conclusion. Try as he might he could not piece them together. He sat there until morning, alternately thinking and scratching. The sun

was climbing in his window when he saw what was bothering him. "Why it's easy," he said softly. "simple as eating pie!" He picked up the phone and dialed police headquarters. "Hello, Captain Carter? I think I have something on the Slade murder."

"What! Shoot it to me."

"Not so fast, Captain. I want you to get Collins, Mike Bedloe and Whitey Alpin together in three days. Let's see, today is Monday. How about Thursday night at eight?"

"Why Thursday?"

"What I have in mind will take *three days* to develop!"

"Okey. But you better have something good, or we'll have our heads handed to us, especially yours."

"Don't worry. It'll be good!"

THURSDAY NIGHT the three suspects, Captain Carter, Jerry and four plainclothesmen gathered in Slade's death room. There was a little trouble getting them together, with Bedloe screaming about false arrest, but Carter managed. They all sat around a table and Jerry went into the story of the killing. Carefully he eyed their every move as he spoke, and as the story drew to a close he saw Whitey Alpin's hand come up and start to scratch his neck.

With a bound Jerry cleared the table, and had him on the floor. His movement was so sudden that the others had no time to move. "Here's your man, Captain. When he jumped me that night in my apartment, he was infected with that blasted itch I have. I knew he was the one as soon as he started scratching. He must have found out where Slade hid his dough and killed him so he wouldn't get to it."

Jerry laughed at the killer. "It's too bad about that itch, old man, but the electric chair will cure it pretty soon!"

THE END

Edison

BELL



AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE ISLAND IN CRUDE SAILING BOATS, EDDIE, JERRY, ANTON AND BILL, THE PILOT, WERE PICKED UP BY A MYSTERIOUS TRAMP STEAMER AND FORCED TO WORK IN THE BOILER ROOM FOR THEIR MEALS. BILL, HOWEVER, TOO WEAK TO WORK, WAS THROWN INTO A BARE DECK-CABIN WITHOUT FOOD UNTIL HE'S WELL ENOUGH TO EARN IT!

BY RAY GILL
AND
HAROLD DELAY

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, THE BOYS LIE ON THE FLOOR, EXHAUSTED.



GOSH! BILL MUST BE PRETTY HUNGRY BY NOW!

YEAH!

BILL!? I'M STARVING!

SUDDENLY THE HEAVY DOOR OPENS AND A SAILOR COMES IN WITH SOME FOOD ...



... DON'T YOU KIDS TRY ANYTHING FUNNY! I'LL BE BACK TO CHECK ON YOU EVERY LITTLE WHILE!

AHH! --FOOD!

... THEN THE SAILOR LEAVES.

HE'S LOCKED THE DOOR AFTER HIM!



HOLY CATS!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW? WE HAD A CHANCE WHEN IT WAS OPEN!

BUT EDDIE HAS IDEAS!

I'LL KNOCK THE KEY OUT WITH THIS WIRE, ONTO THE CANVAS I'VE PUSHED UNDER THE DOOR, AND PULL IT BACK IN HERE!

SWELL!

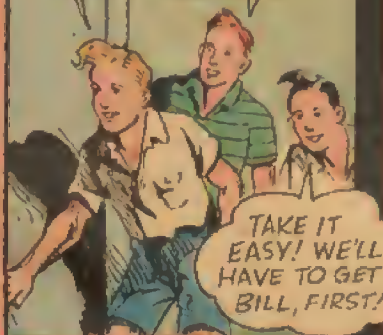


IN A MOMENT HE HAS THE DOOR OPEN!

THAT DOES IT!

NOW TO GET UP ON DECK!

TAKE IT EASY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET BILL, FIRST!



THE BOYS SPLIT THEIR THREE PORTIONS OF FOOD INTO FOUR.

I'LL TAKE THIS GRUB TO BILL--WE'LL ALL NEED ENERGY TO GET OFF THIS TUB!

OKAY! HOPE YOU FIND HIM! "ANTON AND I BETTER WAIT HERE!"



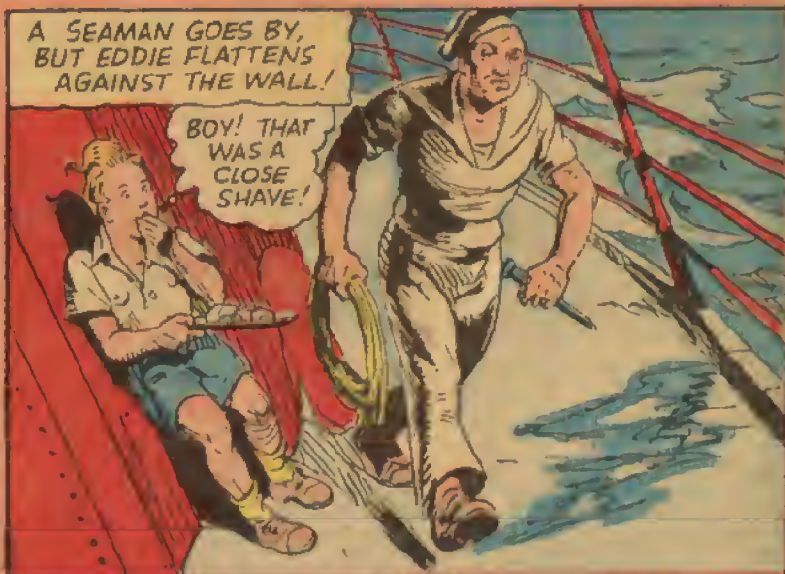
EDDIE SETS OUT TO LOOK FOR BILL!

HES NOT IN HERE! I'LL TRY THE DECK CABINS



A SEAMAN GOES BY, BUT EDDIE FLATTENS AGAINST THE WALL!

BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



EDDIE SOON FINDS THE CABIN BILL IS IN ---

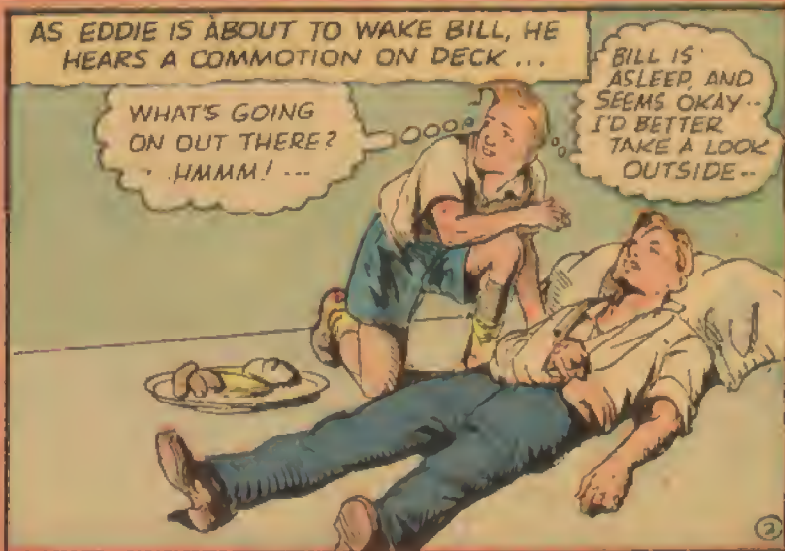
HMM! -- ON THE FLOOR... MUST BE ASLEEP... I HOPE!



AS EDDIE IS ABOUT TO WAKE BILL, HE HEARS A COMMOTION ON DECK ...

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? ... HMMM! ...

BILL IS ASLEEP AND SEEMS OKAY-- I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE--



I'D BETTER LEAVE THE FOOD HERE AND GET BACK TO THE BOYS! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S UP!



THREE MEN RUSH BY, AND EDDIE IS ALMOST DISCOVERED!

SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE, ALL RIGHT!



THE MEN PULL A CANVAS FROM A BULKY OBJECT ON DECK...



WELL, I'LL BE... IT'S A CABIN-JOB AUTO-GYRO! OH-OH! THERE'S THE PILOT!

THE PILOT ADJUSTS HIS GLASS HELMET WHILE THE CAPTAIN TALKS TO HIM THROUGH THE RADIO.

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US UNDE THE SHORE BASE. YOU SHOULD BE BACK SHORTLY! DO NOT FAIL!

YA! MEIN KAPITAN!



THE AUTO-GYRO TAKES OFF!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE NAZIS!

I'LL HURRY BACK AND TELL JERRY AND ANTON ABOUT THIS!



Later... BACK IN THE BOILER ROOM...

... AND THEN IT TOOK OFF! THIS MIGHT BE OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE IF BILL IS ABLE TO FLY IT!

YEAH!

SHHH! I HEAR FOOT- STEPS!



THE DOOR OPENS...

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU KIDS ARE ALL STILL HERE!

IF HE WERE ONLY A LITTLE CLOSER, WE COULD RUSH HIM!



JUST THEN--A BLOW LANDS ON HIS HEAD FROM BEHIND!

OOF!

POW

WHAT?



... AND THE BOYS ARE FURTHER SURPRISED TO SEE BILL STRUT IN --- FIT AS A FIDDLE!

I'M O.K.!

BILL! ... WE THOUGHT-

THAT SICK ACT WAS FOR THE CAPTAIN! I SPOTTED THAT AUTO-GYRO AND WANTED TO BE NEAR IT!

YOU SURE FOOLED US!

THEY TIE UP THE SAILOR AND BILL CHANGES CLOTHES WITH HIM ... BILL HEARS THEIR PLAN.

SOUNDS GOOD, EDDIE! THIS UNIFORM WILL DO THE TRICK!

HURRY! I HEAR THE PLANE COMING BACK!

THEY CAUTIOUSLY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE FORE-DECK, AS THE PLANE RETURNS ...

HE ISS BACK IN GOOT TIME! YA!

KEEP OUT OF SIGHT.

HOPES THIS WORKS!

WHEN THE AUTO-GYRO LANDS, TWO MEN GET OUT .. THE NEW MAN IS A JAP ...

WELCOME! DER KAPITAN ISS WAITING!

THANK YOU!

THOSE ARE STRATOSPHERE SUITS, EDDIE! THE PILOTS FLEW HIGH TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

WOW! ... A JAP! ... THIS IS SERIOUS STUFF, BILL!

AS THE TWO STRANGELY-CLAD FOREIGNERS LEAVE THE PLANE, IT IS HASTILY COVERED ... THEN THE TWO SAILORS LEAVE ...

COME ON, KARL! NOBODY VILL STEAL IT HA-HA!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

WHEN THEY LEAVE, OUR FRIENDS SNATCH OFF THE CANVAS ... BILL JUMPS TO THE CONTROLS!

COME ON!

QUICK!

RIGHT!

AND THEY'RE OFF! .. AMID A VOLLEY OF SHOTS FROM THE STARTLED CREW!

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

VAS ISS?

WOW!

ACH! KILL DEM!

THEY ARE SOON SAFELY OUT OF RANGE. BILL MAKES A DISCOVERY...

HEY! LOOK AT THIS! THEIR COMPLETE FLIGHT RECORDS AND MAPS! THIS STUFF IS HOT!

GEE!

BILL IMMEDIATELY CONTACTS THE COAST GUARD -- SINCE THE MAP SHOWS THEY ARE RIGHT OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST!

-- PICK UP AXIS SHIPS -- WITH FAMOUS JAP SPY ABOARD ... LAND BASE JUST BEHIND COASTAL MOUNTAINS ----



WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

A COAST GUARD DESTROYER CHURNS ON ITS WAY ...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, SIR!

GOOD! WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!

OH, BOY!



... AND SOON OVERTAKES THE "INNOCENT-LOOKING" SHIP...

TAKE 'EM, MEN!

ACH!

THIS IS FOR PEARL HARBOR!

VE SURRENDER!



MEANWHILE OUR FRIENDS, HAVING RADIOED AHEAD, ARE ABOUT TO LAND AT A CALIFORNIA AIRPORT ... WITH A GREAT CROWD WAITING ...



WHAT'S THIS? -- THEY MUST BE EXPECTING SOMEBODY PRETTY IMPORTANT!

GOSH!

HOORAY!

HERE THEY COME!

MAKE WAY FOR THE PRESS, PLEASE!

... AND ARE MORE THAN SURPRISED TO LEARN THE OVATION IS FOR THEM!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU ALL!

IT WAS AN HONOR, SIR! EH, BILL?



RIGHT! BUT, EXCUSE ME -- I MUST CONTACT MY OFFICE!

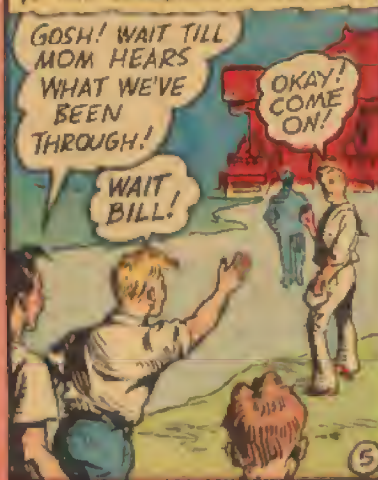
THE POLICE BREAK UP THE CROWD, AND THE BOYS ARE LEFT TO THEMSELVES ...



BILL'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!

RIGHT! LET'S TELEGRAPH OUR PARENTS!

• AND THEY FOLLOW BILL TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE ...



GOSH! WAIT TILL MOM HEARS WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH!

WAIT, BILL!

OKAY! COME ON!

THE MESSAGES ARE SENT.

GEE, BILL, IT MUST BE GREAT TO FLY A PLANE!

SOMEDAY I'LL TEACH YOU, EDDIE -- MEANWHILE, STUDY UP ON IT!



WELL, EDDIE AND JERRY WILL BE BACK HOME IN THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!** P.S. ANTON'S GOING WITH THEM!

YOU can actually "FLY" this Model AERO-TRAINER

• BY EDISON BELL •

Edison Bell's AERO-TRAINER

IS A SIMPLE, HOME GADGET TO
GIVE YOU THE THRILL AND KNOWLEDGE
OF HOW A REAL AIRPLANE WORKS AND
FLIES!

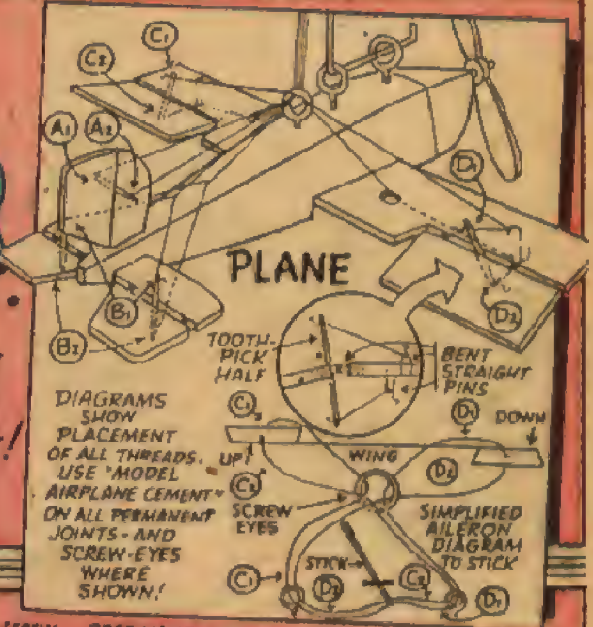
THE PLANE ITSELF IS MADE OF SOFT
PINE WOOD, CUT WITH YOUR PEN-KNIFE,
WITH ALL "FLIPPERS" (RUDDERS,AILERONS,ETC.)
MADE OVERSIZED AND MOVABLE.

THE "STICK" AND RUDDER-BAR CONTROL
THE SMALL PLANE BY STRONG THREADS.
-- SEE DIAGRAMS.

-- KEEP 'EM
FLYING!

Get the
Thrill of
Actual
Flight!

MAKE
IT
NOW!



WEIGHT

SCREW EYE

COAT-HANGER WIRE (BENT TO SHAPE)

ELECTRIC FAN

SLIP CORK THROUGH WIRE AND WEIGHT WITH SCREWS AND WASHERS.

BEND WIRE INTO LOOPS.

The
COCKPIT
SEAT
CAN BE
IMPROVISED
OR MADE
AS SHOWN

AERO-POST

"STICK"

THROTTLE

Important!

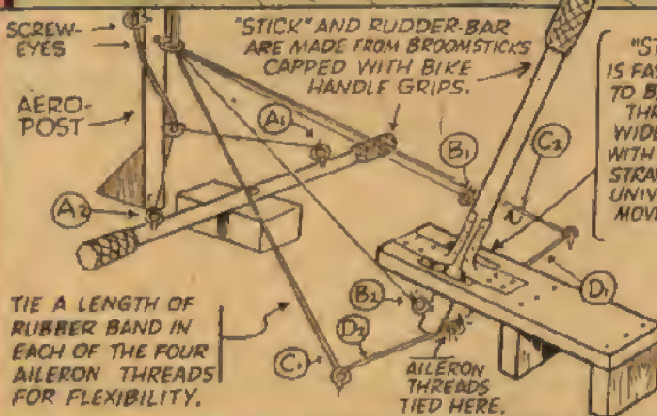
DON'T TIE THREADS
UNTIL YOUR STICK,
RUDDER BAR AND
EACH MOVABLE
PART ON PLANE
IS IN NEUTRAL.

RUDDER
BAR

WIRE FROM
TRANSFORMER
TO FAN

THE "THROTTLE" IS
SIMPLY A LIGHT-
EXTENSION ARM ON
A STANDARD TRANSFORMER
LEVER ... CONTROLLING THE
ELECTRIC FAN.

BOXES
TO LIFT
FAN UP TO
HEIGHT
OF PLANE.



"STICK" IS FASTENED TO BLOCK THROUGH WIDE HOLE WITH LEATHER STRAPS FOR UNIVERSAL MOVEMENT.

WHILE THE ARRANGEMENT SHOWN MAY SEEM COMPLICATED, IT'S REALLY BASIC AND SIMPLE ... AND CAN BE READILY UNDERSTOOD WITH SINCERE APPLICATION.
• Don't get your wires crossed!



WHAT TO DO NOW?

I GOT IT!

FREEZUM MAKES WOODEN MOLDS...

ME OPEN ICE BUSINESS!

...AND FILLS THEM WITH WATER.

UUG!
THIS IS A CINCHUM! NOW FOR A LITTLE COLD BLAST-UM!

AH! GOTTEM ICE CUBE!

FREEZUM SELLS THE ICE ON THE STREETS...

UP HERE!

ICE! GETTUM CUT-RATE ICE HERE!

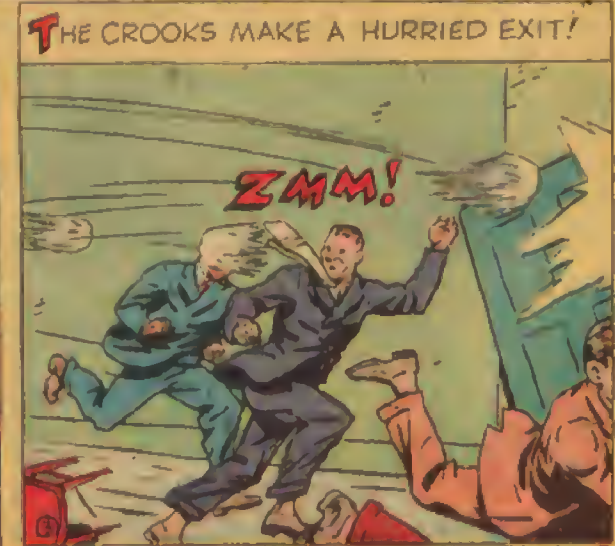
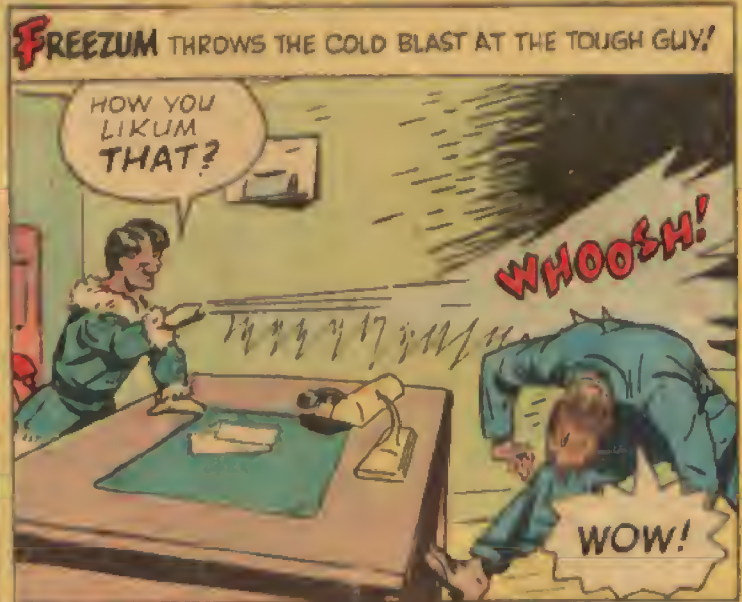
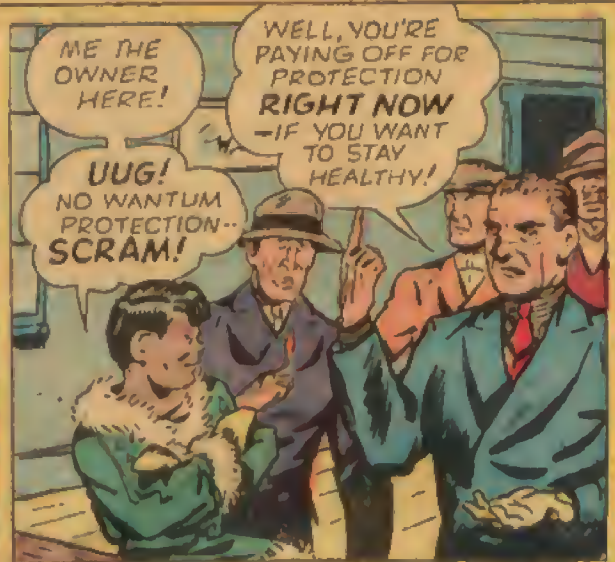
I'LL TAKE 25¢ WORTH!

... And... IS SOON DOING A BOOMING BUSINESS!

GETTUM TO BE MUCH WORK!

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET THAT GUY!

A FEW DAYS LATER, A BUNCH OF TOUGH-LOOKING MEN CRASH **FREEZUM'S** NEW OFFICE.



FREEZUM IS PREPARED FOR ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY.



A BOMB COMES THROUGH THE WINDOW, BUT FREEZUM WAKES UP!



HE TOSSES IT OUT OF THE WINDOW ...



WHERE IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN MID-AIR!



FOUR STRANGELY-CLAD MEN BREAK IN!



FREEZUM TOSSES HIS BLASTS WITHOUT EFFECT!



THE MEN GRAB FREEZUM!



THE GANGSTERS TAKE HIM TO AN ICE HOUSE

HERE HE IS, CHIEF!

SO! YOU WOULDN'T COME ACROSS, EH?

THE GANGSTERS TAKE HIM TO AN ICE HOUSE

HERE HE IS, CHIEF!

SO! YOU WOULDN'T COME ACROSS, EH?

TIE HIM UP, JOE!

RIGHT, CHIEF!


TIE HIM UP, JOE!

RIGHT, CHIEF!

A comic book panel showing a man in a green suit being rescued from a well by a man in a blue suit. A speech bubble from the man in blue says "TURN ON THE WATER!" and another from the man in green says "ME FIXUM YOU!". The background shows a city street with buildings and a car.

A comic book panel showing a man in a green suit being rescued from a well by a man in a blue suit. A speech bubble from the man in blue says "TURN ON THE WATER!" and another from the man in green says "ME FIXUM YOU!". The background shows a city street with buildings and a car.

THE WATER IS TURNED ON...

A close-up illustration of a person's hands in a blue jacket turning a yellow water tap handle. Water is spraying out of the tap. The background is a simple yellow wall with a dark silhouette of a forest at the top.

FREEZUM HISSES A BLAST BETWEEN HIS TEETH... FREEZING THE WATER BEFORE IT HITS HIM!

SUB-ZERO COMES BACK
AND FINDS **FREEZUM** GONE!



WHAT TH--?
FREEZUM'S
IN TROUBLE
SOMEWHERE!

THIS IS A
PIECE OF A
COLD-RESISTANT
SUIT -- THE ONLY
PLACE THEY USE
THOSE IS AT THE
ICE-HOUSE! BET.
THAT'S WHERE
THEY TOOK HIM!

HE FINDS A PIECE OF
CLOTH TORN AND
CAUGHT BY A NAIL.

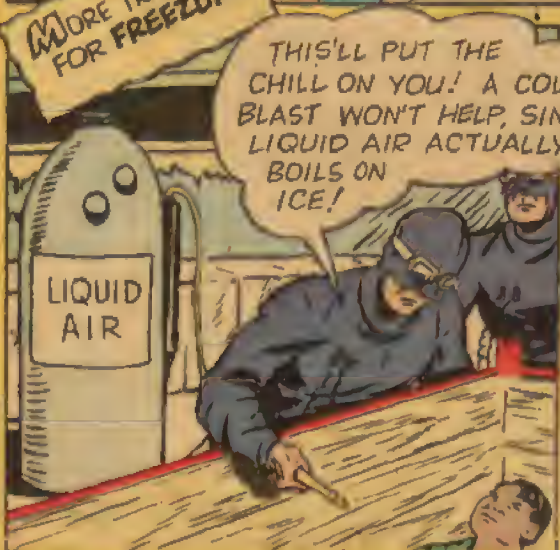


I'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO CRASH
THOSE WALLS. I'LL
HAVE TO FIND
ANOTHER
WAY IN!



MORE TROUBLE
FOR **FREEZUM**!

THIS'LL PUT THE
CHILL ON YOU! A COLD
BLAST WON'T HELP, SINCE
LIQUID AIR ACTUALLY
BOILS ON
ICE!



AN ICE TRUCK
COMES ALONG!

HERE'S WHERE
I GET A
FREE
RIDE!



HERE
IT COMES!

WOW!
HOW TO GET
OUT OF
THIS-UM?



BUT SUB-ZERO ARRIVES IN TIME!

THE LIQUID AIR SPEWS OVER THE GANGSTERS, PUTTING THEM OUT OF THE FIGHT!

I'LL FIX YOU!

SUB-ZERO!

HALP!

OWWWW!

I'LL JUST FREEZE UP THAT THERMOSTAT! THAT'LL STIFFEN THESE GUYS RIGHT THROUGH THEIR SUITS!

THE MERCURY HITS BOTTOM!

THERMOSTAT

PLOP!

SUB-ZERO SNAPS THE WIRES ON THEIR SUITS WITH COLD BLASTS!

WOW! HE GOT MY HEAT WIRES!

I'M GETTING STIFF!

THE COLD IN HERE WILL FINISH THOSE GUYS FOR A WHILE!

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM TROUBLE! NOW GO CALL THE POLICE WHILE I WATCH THESE GUYS!

I KEEP AWAY FROM TROUBLE, BUT TROUBLE NO KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

THESE MEN RAN AN ICE PROTECTION RACKET TO DRIVE COMPETITORS OUT OF BUSINESS!

SEEMS TO ME THEY NEED PROTECTION

BETTER WEAR YOUR HEAVY OVERCOAT... **SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM WILL RETURN WITH A BIG SURPRISE IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!**

KRISKO and JASPER

GORSH. I'M SCARED, HUNGRY, AND ALL ALONE. KRISKO JUST EVAPORATED INTO THIN AIR ... OR DID HE? GORSH! WHAT'LL I DO?

Krisko and Jasper are on a small island somewhere in the center of the ocean. There are voices all around, but no one can be seen. Krisko has disappeared, and Jasper is jittery.

HA HA! I CAN SEE YOU... BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ME!

By JACK A. WARREN

KRISKO SEEMS TO FARE WELL. HE HAS JUST FINISHED A LARGE MEAL.

THE VOICE

HEY! PAL!! WAKE UP!!

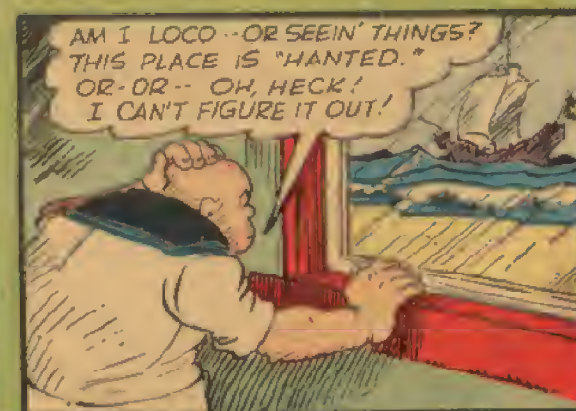
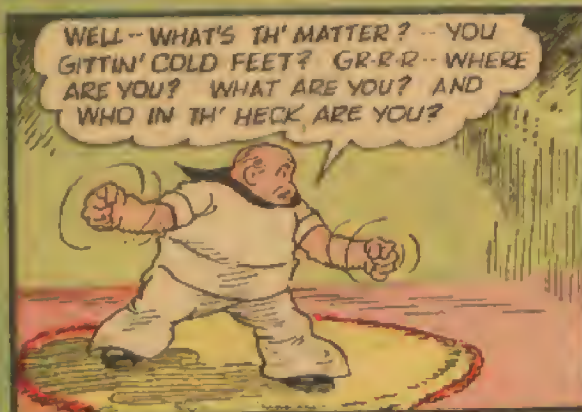
NOW LISTEN, PAL ... TO YOU I AM A VOICE. YOU CAN'T SEE ME, BUT I'M HERE. I'M GONNA HELP YOU IF YOU'LL HELP ME! I WANT TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND AND SEE THE WORLD, BUT I CAN'T GO UNLESS IT'S WITH SOME HUMAN -- AND THAT MEANS YOU!

DID YOU FEED MY PARD, JASPER? -- I WON'T TALK TO YOU UNTIL HE'S FED!

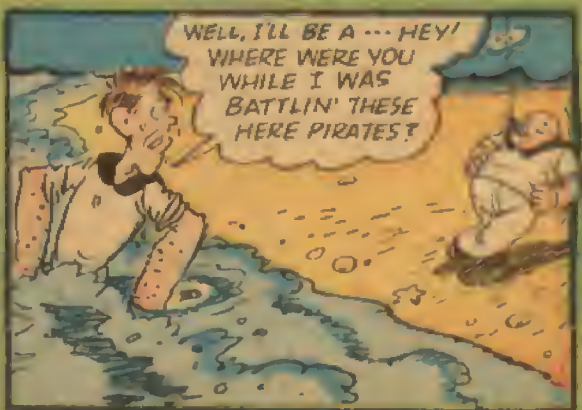
WHAT? FEED THAT LONG, LEAN DRINK OF WATER? ... NO! LET HIM STARVE--! OH, ALL RIGHT, I'LL FEED HIM!

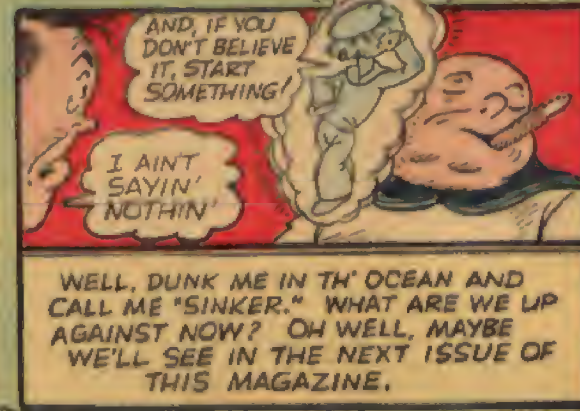
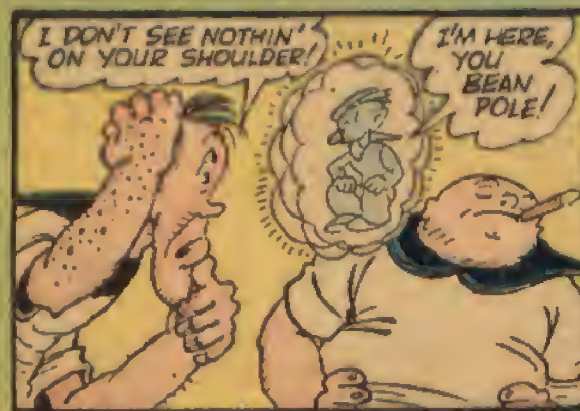
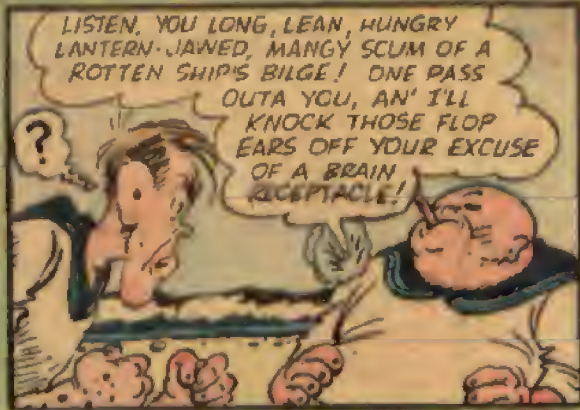
AND JASPER...

HO-HUM... GUESS I'LL TAKE A LIL' NAP!



WHILE OUTSIDE WE SEE POOR JASPER ...





The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

FROM THE HIDDEN VALLEY,
WHERE THEY WERE BORN WITH
STRENGTH TO FIGHT CRIME AND
INJUSTICE, RIDE WHITE RIDER
AND CLOUD, THE SUPERHORSE,
ON THE TRAIL OF TITO ROMERO,
THE LONE BANK-ROBBER!



USING A BOWIE KNIFE, WHITE RIDER FREES THE BANK CLERK...

DID YOU RECOGNIZE THE STICK-UP MEN?

THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN—TITO ROMERO!



I'M KNOWN AS WHITE RIDER, MR. TRAVIS. I WAS HIRED BY THE BANKER'S PROTECTIVE SERVICE TO GET ROMERO, BUT I SEE HE GOT HERE FIRST!

OH-MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED, AN WHO ARE YOU?



THE CLERK DESCRIBES THE HOLD-UP.

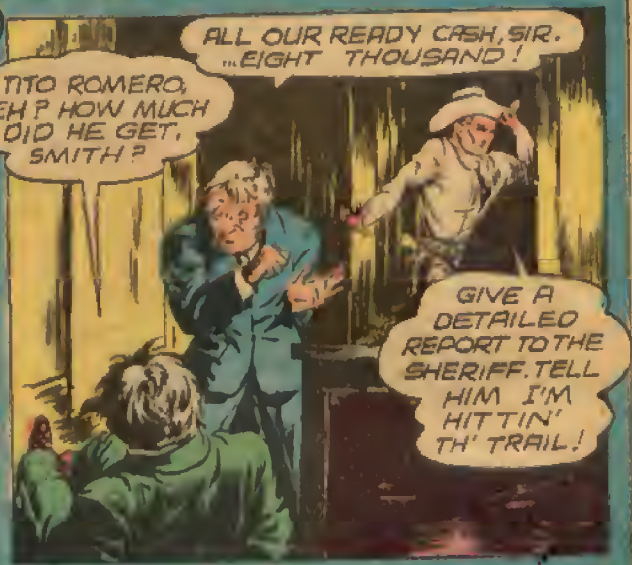
WASN'T THE STICK-UP MAN MASKED?

SURE, BUT IT WAS ROMERO ALL RIGHT. 'T WAS HIS TECHNIQUE. KNOCKED OUT MR. TRAVIS HERE WITH HIS GUN BUT, THEN TRUSSED ME UP!



ALL OUR READY CASH, SIR. ...EIGHT THOUSAND!

TITO ROMERO, EH? HOW MUCH DID HE GET, SMITH?



GIVE A DETAILED REPORT TO THE SHERIFF. TELL HIM I'M HITTIN' TH' TRAIL!

WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD RACE AFTER THE BANDIT...

SPEED, CLOUD, ROMERO'S GOT A TEN MINUTE START ON US!



THE BANDIT LEAVES NO TRAIL, BUT CLOUD'S KEEN NOSTRILS FOLLOW THE SCENT.



HE'S A SMART BANDIT, THIS ROMERO. ROBS A BANK IN BROAD DAYLIGHT... AND GETS AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

BUT EVEN THE KEEN NOSTRILS OF SUPERHORSE LOSE THE TRAIL ON THE HARD LAVA.



HE'S EVEN SMARTER THAN WE THOUGHT, CLOUD, BLOTTIN' HIS TRAIL ON THIS ROCK! WE'D BETTER CAMP HERE AND START RIDIN' IN THE MORNING!

WHITE RIDER AWAKENS
TO FIND...



SMOKE, CLOUD,
AN' IT'S COMIN'
FROM ROMERO'S
FIRE, I'LL BET!

WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD REACH THE SCENE
OF THE CAMP FIRE...



THAT'S OUR
MAN, ALL RIGHT...
AFTER HIM...

THE BANDIT DESPERATELY
FIRES AT HIS PURSUER!



WHOO
WHOO!

MADE DE DIOS...
THE WHITE
RIDER!

PITO ROMERO SPURS HIS
HORSE ALONGSIDE OF AN
ONCOMING CATTLE TRAIN.



AH... LUCK...
SHE IS
WITH ME!

THE BANDIT LEAPS
ONTO THE
LOCOMOTIVE.

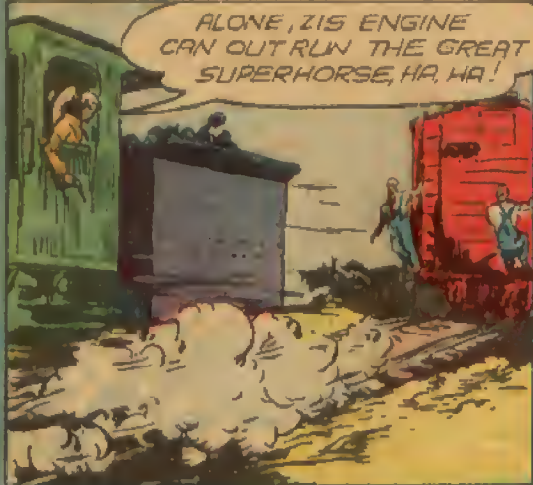


ADIOS, WHITE
RIDER... AN' UP
WITH YOUR HANDS,
MI AMIGO!

I SHOULD LIKE TO RIDE
ZIS ENGINE ALONE... CLIMB
BACK OVER ZE TENDER!



ROMERO FORCES THE TWO TRAIN-MEN TO DISCONNECT THE LOCOMOTIVE.



ALONE, HIS ENGINE CAN OUTRUN THE GREAT SUPERHORSE, HA, HA!

WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD FAIL TO CATCH UP TO THE TRAIN...



WE CAN STILL HEAD HIM OFF! I KNOW A SHORT CUT TO A TUNNEL HE MUST GO THROUGH!

REACHING THE TUNNEL BEFORE ROMERO, WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD ATTEMPT TO BLOCK THE TRACK..

UGH!
ANOTHER SHOVE.
CLOUD. AH!
THERE SHE GOES! A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MR. ROMERO!



YEOW! I'LL CRASH!

THE ENGINE CRASHES....BUT THE BANDIT HAS LEAPED CLEAR!



USING THE WRECK AS A SHIELD, THE BANDIT FIRES AT THE RIDER!



BANG!

YOU'RE SMART, WHITE RIDER, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO CATCH ROMERO!

WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD HUG THE HILL-SIDE FOR PROTECTION.

ONE...TWO SHOTS! GOT TO MAKE HIM EMPTY HIS GUNS!



WHITE RIDER EXPLAINS A PLAN TO CLOUD.

WE'LL GIVE HIM NO CHANCE TO RELOAD, CLOUD. WHEN I SIGNAL... JUMP HIM!
AH! FIVE SIX...

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

TWO MORE SHOTS TO GO... ELEVEN, TWELVE!

THE BANDIT'S GUN HAMMER FALLS ON AN EMPTY CARTRIDGE!

?

CLICK!

AHRR!

CLOUD RETRIEVES THE BANDIT AND THE BANK LOOT!

HA! HA! IF YOUR FRIENDS COULD ONLY SEE YOU NOW, ROMERO! I THINK WE'LL CARRY YOU TO THE SHERIFF THAT WAY!

THE BANDIT ATTEMPTS TO OUT-RUN THE SUPERHORSE.

THE WHITE RIDER and **SUPERHORSE**

WILL BE BACK IN ANOTHER WILD AND WOOLLY TALE IN THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**

BLUE BOLT

★★★ The AMERICAN

I'LL BET ANYTHING THAT MY OLD RIVAL, THE GREEN SORCERESS, IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS! I'M GOING TO SEE THE ARMY HEADS!

DURING THE GREAT EMERGENCY OF WAR, THE AMERICAN FORCES ARE SUDDENLY HINDERED BY STRANGE HAPPENINGS! EARTHQUAKES, TIDAL WAVES, AND VOLCANOES WIPE OUT WHOLE CITIES AT A TIME!

BLUE BOLT TELLS THEM HIS VERSION OF THE DISTURBANCES.

NONSENSE, MAN, YOUR THEORY IS RIDICULOUS!

THEN I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO CARRY ON ALONE!

...THAT'S WHAT IT IS, DOCTOR. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN AT ONCE, **BLUE BOLT**. THERE'S A LOT MORE TO IT THAN THAT!

LOIS, BLUE BOLT'S ASSISTANT, MAKES UP HER MIND, TOO!

IF YOU'RE GOING, THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LETTING YOURSELF IN FOR!

THEY FLY OFF TO THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM!

HERE'S THE ENTRANCE!

LET'S GO!



BERTOFF GREETES THEM WITH SOME AMAZING NEWS!

IT'S THE GREEN SORCESS, ALL RIGHT! SHE'S TRYING TO GET BACK AT YOU! SHE HAS AN EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WEAPON! A **TREE** WHOSE SPORES WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES! YOU MUST PREVENT THAT!

THE GREEN SORCESS, EH? I'LL TEAR HER HAIR OUT!



DR. BERTOFF ENDOWS HIM WITH A NEW WEAPON TO FIGHT THE GREEN SORCESS.

BLUE BOLT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE POWER TO READ THE MINDS OF OTHERS!

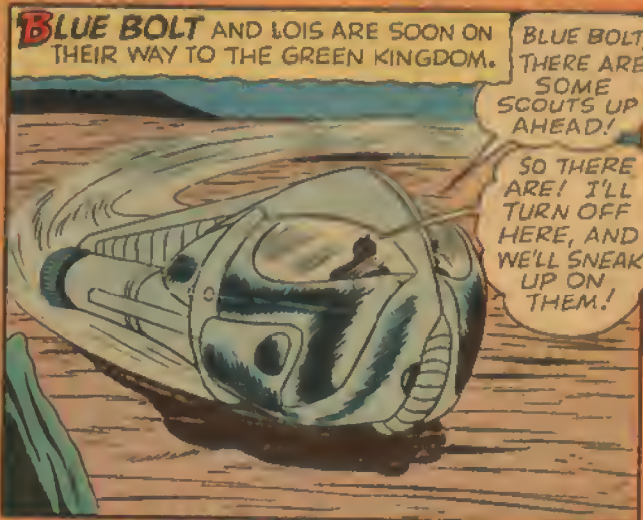
GOOD! I COULD USE SOMETHING LIKE THAT!



BLUE BOLT AND LOIS ARE SOON ON THEIR WAY TO THE GREEN KINGDOM.

BLUE BOLT! THERE ARE SOME SCOUTS UP AHEAD!

SO THERE ARE! I'LL TURN OFF HERE, AND WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THEM!



BLUE BOLT INTERCEPTS THE SCOUTS' THOUGHTS.

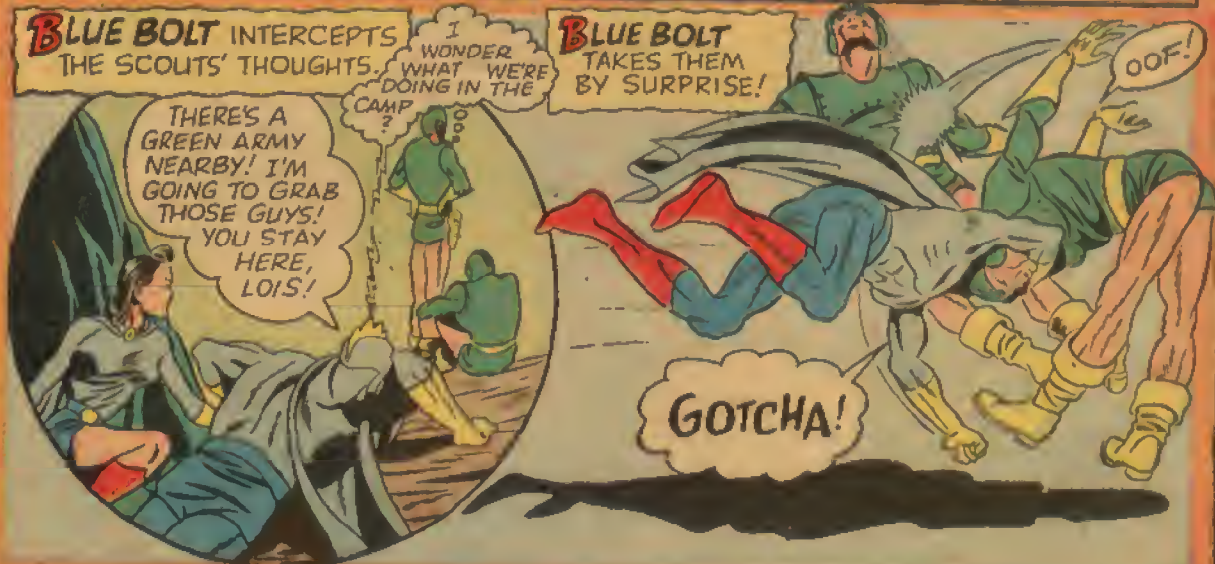
I WONDER WHAT WE'RE DOING IN THE CAMP?

THERE'S A GREEN ARMY NEARBY! I'M GOING TO GRAB THOSE GUYS! YOU STAY HERE, LOIS!

BLUE BOLT TAKES THEM BY SURPRISE!

OOF!

GOTCHA!





THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

THEY CHANGE INTO THE GUARDS' UNIFORMS.

THIS WAY WE CAN GET INTO THE GREEN ARMY CAMP UNNOTICED!

HEY! THESE PANTS DON'T FIT!

THEY ARRIVE AT THE GREEN ARMY CAMP...

HERE WE ARE, BOLTIE! WHAT NOW?

WE'LL GO IN AND SCOUT AROUND!

... AND ENTER IT!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF ACTION AROUND HERE!

ALL I WANT IS TO GET MY HANDS ON THE GREEN SORCERESS!

THEY ARE SPOTTED, AND THE CHASE BEGINS!

HURRY, LOIS!

SPIES! GET THEM!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

Just Then...

FALL IN!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! AS SOON AS THEY FIND OUT THERE'S NO PLACE FOR US IN THE RANKS, THEY'LL GRAB US!



SOLDIERS HEAD THEM OFF!

SAIL INTO THEM, LOIS!

I'M WITH YOU, BOLTIE!



THEY FIGHT DESPERATELY...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, LOIS?

AWK!

NOT BAD FOR A GIRL, EH?



..BUT ARE OUTNUMBERED AND CAPTURED!

YOU ARE GOING TO SEE OUR QUEEN. SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO!

THE QUEEN, EH?



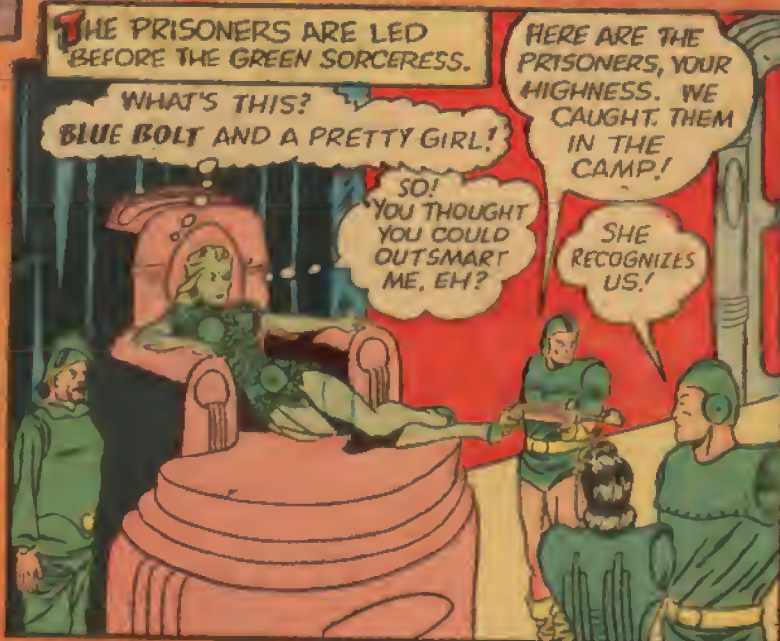
THE PRISONERS ARE LED BEFORE THE GREEN SORCERESS.

WHAT'S THIS? BLUE BOLT AND A PRETTY GIRL!

HERE ARE THE PRISONERS, YOUR HIGHNESS. WE CAUGHT THEM IN THE CAMP!

SO! YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTSMART ME, EH?

SHE RECOGNIZES US!

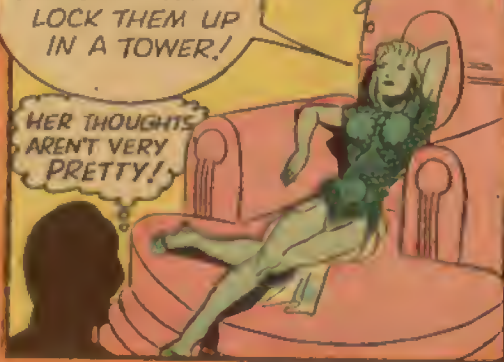


SO, THAT'S WHO SHE IS! WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON HER!

I'LL GET **HER** OUT OF MY WAY, **SOMEHOW!**

REMOVE THOSE GREEN UNIFORMS AND LOCK THEM UP IN A TOWER!

HER THOUGHTS AREN'T VERY PRETTY!



THEY ARE LOCKED UP IN THE TOWER!

GET IN THERE!

QUIT PUSHING! YOU BIG APE!

GOOD THING SHE DOESN'T KNOW OF OUR REAL MISSION!



THAT NIGHT...

THERE!
NOW, WE'RE
FREE!

I HOPE
NOBODY
SEES US!

THEY FLEE DOWN
THE CORRIDOR!

THAT TAKES CARE
OF THE GUARD!

ATTA
BOY,
BOLTIE!

BLUE BOLT TAKES IN THE
SITUATION WITH A GLANCE!

SO! DIVERTING
STREAMS OF LAVA
TO CAUSE VOLCANOES
AND QUAKES! WE'LL
FIX THAT!

THIS WILL
DIVERT THE
LAVA INTO THE
MACHINERY!

THE MOLTEN LAVA
FLOWS OVER THE
MACHINERY---
DESTROYING IT!

THERE!
THAT DOES
IT!

PHEW!
--IT'S
HOT!

THE ROCK LANDS IN THE
NARROW PASS, AND
BLOCKS UP THE LAVA.

SPLASH!

**THE GUARDS SPOT
BLUE BOLT!**

**AFTER
HIM!**

**THERE
HE IS!**

AND THEY TAKE UP THE CHASE!

ZAP!

**CAREFUL!
THOSE GUNS
MEAN
BUSINESS!**

**DON'T
WORRY!**

**THEY RUN INTO THE REST
OF THE GUARDS!**

OWEY!

**JUST THEN, A RANDOM SHOT SMASHES
THROUGH THE
GLASS CASE
OF THE
TREE OF
DEATH!**

**THAT
WAS
CLOSE!**

**YOU STAY
OVER THERE,
LOIS!
I'LL LEAD
THEM
AWAY!**

RIGHT!

**THE TREE!
THE CASE IS
BROKEN! RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES!**

IMMEDIATELY THE ARMY GOES INTO A PANIC!



THE CHASE IS FORGOTTEN IN THE FLIGHT OF THE GREEN ARMY TO ESCAPE DEATH!



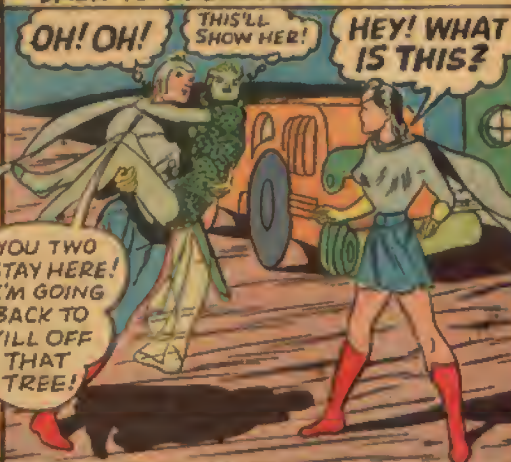
BLUE BOLT SPOTS THE GREEN SORCESS, PURPOSELY STANDING HER GROUND IN THE FACE OF THE ADVANCING SPORES.



BLUE BOLT RACES TOWARD HER!



GRABBING HER UP, HE BRINGS HER BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT LOIS.



NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



THE GIRLS BEGIN TO FIGHT OVER BLUE BOLT!



Meanwhile, BLUE BOLT GOES TO THE WINDWARD SIDE OF THE TREE, PICKS UP A SWORD AND SLASHES IT THROUGH!

THAT ENDS THIS DEATH TRAP!



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE GIRLS!



BUT THEY ARE STILL AT IT!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

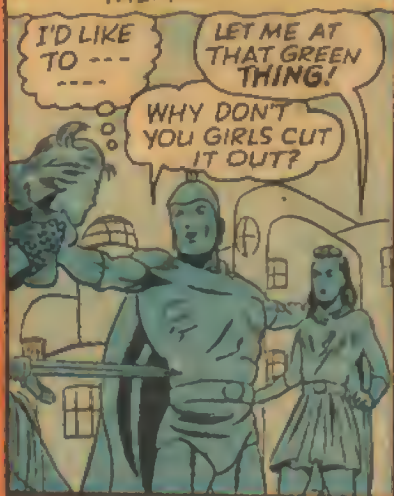


BLUE BOLT SEPARATES THEM.....

I'D LIKE TO ---

LET ME AT THAT GREEN THING!

WHY DON'T YOU GIRLS CUT IT OUT?



YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH US!



THE GREEN SORCERESS DISAPPEARS IN HER MIST.

I'M GOING BACK, BUT NOT WITH YOU, AND I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



BLUE BOLT AND LOIS START BACK TO DR. BERTOFF.

THAT GREEN HUIZZY!

GREEN HUIZZY? -- GREEN MONSTER!



BLUE BOLT
and **LOIS**
WILL MEET AGAIN WITH
the **GREEN SORCERESS**
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF **BLUE BOLT**



"MOM WANTED ME TO MARRY AND SETTLE DOWN. BUT I PREFER A CAREER."



"JUNIOR...QUIT MAKING SO MUCH NOISE WITH YOUR LUNCH!"



"I'M SURE GLAD OUR GUIDE KNOWS THE WAY DOWN!"



"OH, MYGOSH! I'VE GOT TO SEE MY DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!"



"I JUST LOVE THESE DUDE RANCHES WHERE THEY TEACH YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN HORSE!"



MAKES 'EM JUMP

The JOY BUZZER tickles your friend's palm when you shake hands.

No. MO-178 ... 25c



\$10 or NOTHING!

AUTOMATIC DIME REGISTER BANK

Here's a real way to save money. First dime you put in locks bank. Last dime unlocks it and you get \$10 (more than half enough to buy a Defense Bond.) Register shows amount inside at any time.

No. MO-158 15c



IT'S A PUZZLER



THE "MYSTERY" KNIFE

It's easy to open, easy to close . . . but how??? You'll stump your friends with this one.

Complete operating instructions enclosed.
No. MO-186 30c



IT'S GENUINE

No foolin' . . . there's a real four-leaf clover sealed in this LUCKY KEY RING.

No. MO-153 25c



DEVELOPS DRAWING SKILL

Insert any picture in this GRAPHO-SCOPE. Look through eye-piece and you'll see picture's reflection on drawing surface. (Not an electrical device.)

No. MO-201 \$1.10



GLOWS IN THE DARK

Hold BLACKOUT BUTTON close to electric light for 5 seconds and it glows in dark for several hours. Pin to lapel.

No. MO-210 ... 25c

(ILLUSTRATION: ACTUAL SIZE)
COLOR: RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Send me the items I have checked below:

How Many	No.	Item	Price Each
_____	MO-158	Automatic Dime Bank.....	15c
_____	MO-153	Lucky Key Ring.....	25c
_____	MO-186	"Mystery" Knife	30c
_____	MO-178	Joy Buzzer	25c
_____	MO-201	Grapho-Scope	\$1.10
_____	MO-210	Blackout Button	25c

Name

Address

City and State.....

Please put coins between cardboard. Send order to:

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119 WEST 19th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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